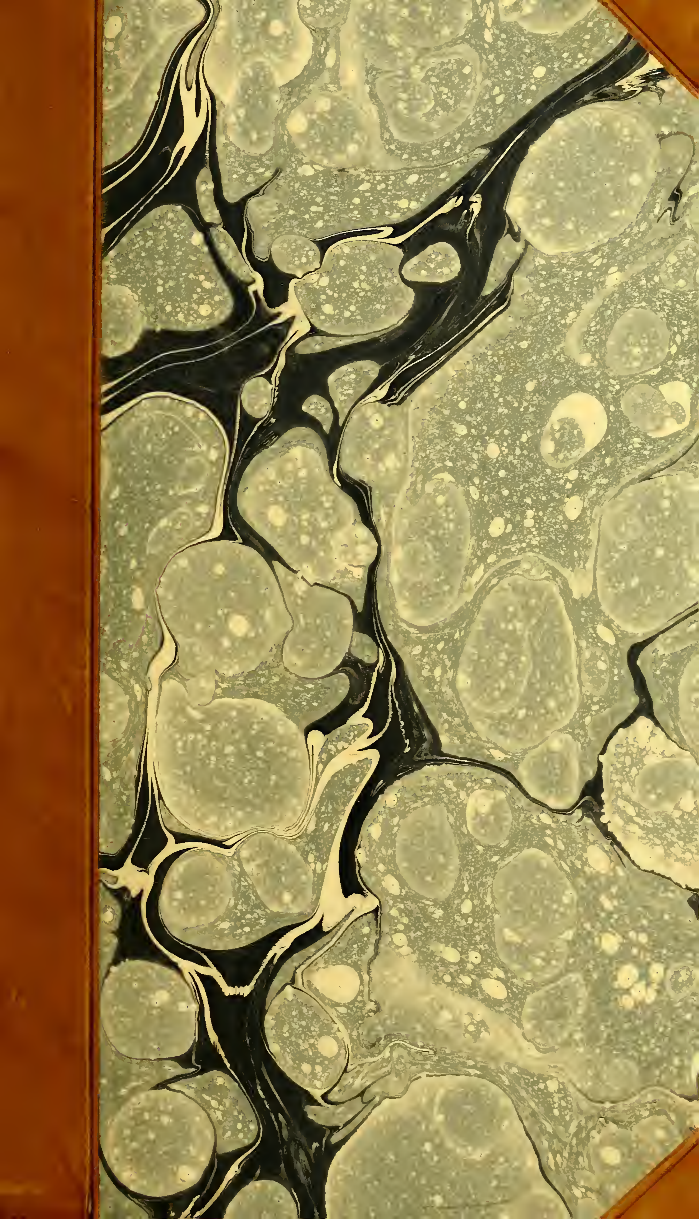

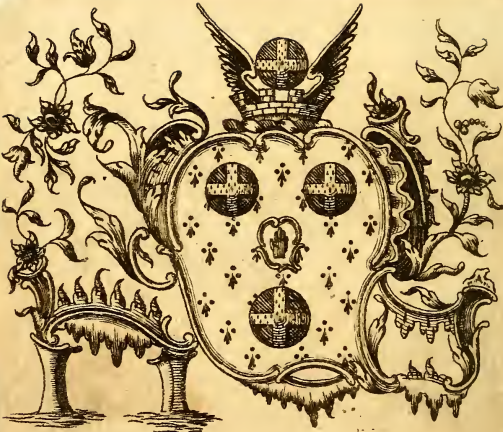

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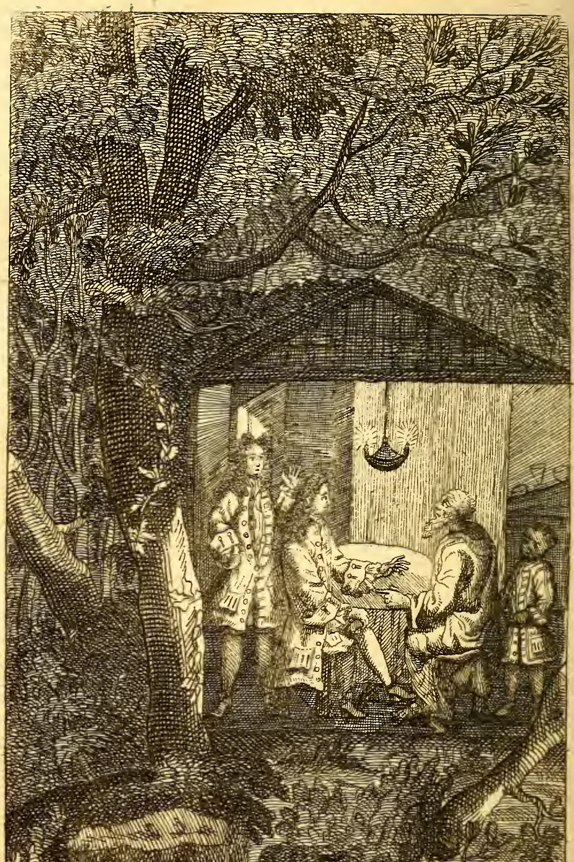

J. Pine in: & Sculp:

The Strange

ADVENTURES OF THE Count *de Vinevil* And his Family.

Being an Account of what happen'd to them whilſt they reſided at *Conſtantinople*.

And of Madamoiſelle ARDELISA, his Daughter's being ſhipwreck'd on the Uninhabited Iſland *Delos*, in her Return to *France*, with VIOLETTA a *Venetian* Lady, the Captain of the Ship, a Prieſt, and five Sailors. The Manner of their living there, and ſtrange Deliverance by the Arrival of a Ship commanded by VIOLETTA's Father.

ARDELISA's Entertainment at *Venice*, and ſafe Return to *France*.

By Mrs. *AUBIN.*

Si Genus Humanum, & mortalia temnitis Arma,
At ſperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.

VIRGIL.

LONDON,
Printed for E. BELL, J. DARBY, A. BETTESWORTH,
F. FAYRAM, J. PEMBERTON, J. HOOKE, C. RIVINGTON, F. CLAY, J. BATLEY, and E. SYMON.
M. DCC, XXI.

PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

SINCE ſerious things ~~are~~, in a manner, altogether neglected, by what we call the Gay and Faſhionable Part of Mankind, and Religious Treatiſes grow mouldy on the Bookſellers Shelves in the Back-Shops; when Ingenuity is, for want of Encouragement, ſtarv'd into Silence, and Toland'*s abominable Writings ſell ten times better than the inimitable Mr.* Pope'*s* Homer;

when Dacier's *Works are attempted to be tranſlated by a Hackney-Writer, and* Horace's *Odes turn'd into Proſe and Nonſenſe; the few that honour Virtue, and wiſh well to our Nation, ought to ſtudy to reclaim our Giddy Youth; and ſince Reprehenſions fail, try to win them to Vertue, by Methods where Delight and Inſtruction may go together. With this Deſign I preſent this Book to the Publick, in which you will find a Story, where Divine Providence manifeſts itſelf in every Tranſaction, where Vertue is try'd with Misfortunes, and rewarded with Bleſſings: In fine, where Men behave themſelves like Chriſtians, and Women are really vertuous, and ſuch as we ought to imitate.*

As for the Truth of what this Narrative contains, ſince Robinſon Cruſo *has been ſo well receiv'd, which is more improbable, I know no reaſon why this ſhould be thought a Fiction. I hope the World is not grown ſo abandon'd to Vice, as to believe that there is no* *ſuch Ladies to be found, as would prefer Death to Infamy; or a Man that, for Remorſe of Conſcience, would quit a plentiful Fortune, retire, and chuſe to die in a diſmal Cell: This Age has convinc'd us, that Guilt is ſo dreadful a thing, that ſome Men have haſten'd their own Ends, and done Juſtice on themſelves. Would Men truſt in Providence, and act according to Reaſon and common Juſtice, they need not to fear any thing; but whilſt they defy* God, *and wrong others, they muſt be Cowards, and their Ends ſuch as they deſerve, ſurprizing and infamous. I heartily wiſh Proſperity to my Country, and that the* Engliſh *would be again (as they were heretofore) remarkable for Vertue and Bravery, and our Nobility make themſelves diſtinguiſh'd from the Crowd, by ſhining Qualities, for which their Anceſtors became ſo honour'd, and for Reward of which obtain'd thoſe Titles they inherit. I hardly dare hope for Encouragement, after having*

ing diſcover'd, that my Deſign is to perſuade you to be vertuous; but if I fail in this, I ſhall not in reaping that inward Satisfaction of Mind, that ever accompanies good Actions. If this Trifle ſells, I conclude it takes, and you may be ſure to hear from me again; ſo you may be innocently diverted, and I employ'd to my Satisfaction.

Adieu.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE Count *de Vinevil*.

IN the Year 1702, the Count *de Vinevil*, a Native of *France*, born of one of the Nobleſt Familys in *Picardy*, where he had long lived poſſeſſed of a Plentiful Eſtate, being a Widower, and having no Child but the Beautiful *Ardeliſa*, his only Daughter, finding his Eſtate impoveriſh'd by continu'd Taxations, and himſelf neglected by his Sovereign, and no ways advanced, whilſt others leſs worthy were put into Places of Truſt and Power; reſolved to diſpoſe of his Eſtate, purchaſe and freight a Ship, ſail for *Turkey*, and there ſettle at *Conſtantinople*, to trade: being induced ſo to do, from the perfect Knowledge he had of thoſe Parts, having been in his Youth for above ten Years with an Uncle of his, who was Conſul there for the *French* Factory, and carry'd him along with him to ſhow him the World.

Accordingly he turn'd all into ready Money, except ſome Lands, which being intail'd he could not ſell; and thoſe he intruſted in the hands of the Count *de Beauclair*, his Siſter's Son.

Having thus order'd his Affairs, he purchas'd a Ship call'd the *Bon-Avanture*; and having loaded it with Goods proper for the *Levant*, he went aboard with the fair *Ardeliſa*, and a Youth, who being an

Orphan, and Heir to a conſiderable Eſtate in *Picardy*, was left to his Care. This Youth was Count of *Longueville*, then about Seventeen Years of Age; a young Gentleman of extraordinary Parts and Beauty: he was tall, delicately ſhaped, his Eyes black and ſparkling, and every Feature of his Face was ſweet, yet majeſtick; he was learned beyond his Years, and his Soul was full of Truth and Ingenuity; he had received from the beſt Education the beſt Principles, was Brave, Generous, Affable, Conſtant, and incapable of any thing that was baſe or mean. Theſe Qualitys render'd him dear to the Count *de Vinevil*, who look'd on him as his own Son, and was pleaſed to find that *Ardeliſa* and he grew together in Affection as they grew in Age. She was then Fourteen, and the moſt charming Maid Nature e'er form'd; ſhe was tall and ſlender, fair as *Venus*, her Eyes blue and ſhining, her Face oval, with Features and an Air ſo ſweet and lovely, that Imagination can form nothing more compleatly handſome or engaging. Her Mind well ſuited the fair Cabinet that contain'd it; ſhe was Humble, Generous, Unaffected, yet Learned, Wiſe, Modeſt, and Prudent above her Years or Sex; Gay in Converſation, but by Nature Thoughtful; had all the Softneſs of a Woman, with the Conſtancy and Courage of a Hero: in fine, her Soul was capable of every thing that was Noble. There needed nothing more than this Sympathy of Souls, to create the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting Affection betwixt this young Nobleman and Lady; they loved ſo tenderly, and agreed ſo well, that they ſeem'd only born for one another.

The Evening before the Count *de Vinevil* left his Caſtle to go for *Turkey*, he call'd the young Count of *Longueville* into his Cloſet, and ſpake to him after this manner: ' My Lord and Son, *ſaid he*, I am, ' you ſee, going to quit my native ' Country, and to truſt the faithleſs ' Seas with myſelf and all that is 'mine: I am going amongſt *Mahometans*, to avoid the ſeeing 'thoſe, who have been my Vaſſals, 'lord it over me; but, my dear 'Child, I am moſt unwilling to hazard your Life, or involve you in 'whatever Misfortunes may befall 'me. You have a noble Fortune to 'enjoy, great Relations, ſuch as 'can, with eaſe, procure you ſuch 'an honourable Poſt at Court, or in 'the Army, as may give you Opportunities of uſing, to your King 'and Country's Glory, thoſe admirable Qualifications Heaven has beſtowed upon you; which I have 'not been wanting to improve in 'you, nor omitted any thing that 'could make you ſuch, as I deſir'd 'to ſee you: and, believe me, no 'News will be more grateful to me 'in my Exile from *France*, than to 'hear that you are great and happy. 'Now then, my dear Child, let me 'prevail with you to conſent to our 'Separation: Stay here, and be as 'bleſs'd as I wiſh you; and if I die 'in *Turkey*, and leave *Ardeliſa* an

'Orphan, let her returning find in 'you ſuch a Friend, as you have 'found in me.' Here he ſtopp'd. The young Count, whom Reſpect had till now kept ſilent, throwing himſelf at his Feet, and embracing his Knees with Tears, reply'd, 'My 'Lord and Father! what have I 'done to merit your Diſpleaſure, 'that you ſhould propoſe ſuch a 'thing to me? Can you believe me 'capable of an Action ſo baſe, as to 'abandon you and *Ardeliſa*, to 'whom my Soul is devoted, out of 'whoſe Preſence I would not live, 'to gain the Empire of the *Eaſtern* 'World? No, my Father, your 'Fortune ſhall be mine; we will 'live and die together, nothing but 'Death ſhall ever ſeparate us. *Ar*-'*deliſa* ſhall be my Charge, and I 'will be to her a Lover, Husband, 'and Father; and to you a Son, in 'the ſtricteſt and moſt tender Senſe. 'Urge me no more to leave you, 'my Soul is fill'd with Horror at 'the Thought.' The old Count taking him up in his Arms, embrac'd him with Tranſport; ‘ Forgive me, ‘ my Son, *ſaid he*, ’twas the Exceſs ‘ of my Affection made me fear to ‘ hazard the Life of what I loved ſo ‘ well; may Heaven proſper our ‘ Voyage, and reward you with a ‘ long Life and ſafe Return to ‘ *France*, when I am gone to Reſt: ‘ And may *Ardeliſa* make you juſt ‘ Returns, and be to you as great a ‘ Bleſſing as you are to me. Let us ‘ now go to take our Repoſe, and ‘ with the Riſing-Sun we’ll ſet out; ‘ all things are ready, the Wind is ‘ fair, and in another Country we ‘ will try to improve that Fortune ‘ we ſhall never be able here to better.’

The next morning the good old Count, young *Longueville*, and the fair *Ardeliſa*, left the Caſtle, attended with many Friends, who accompany’d them to the Ship, where they were all handſomely treated with a Dinner: After which they took leave, with many Tears, and good Wiſhes. The old Count’s Servants expreſs’d themſelves in ſo moving a manner, that it would have drawn Tears from the moſt ſavage Heart; nor was there one of them, but did beſeech him to let them go with him, tho he had taken care to recommend and provide for every one of them, having left Penſions to thoſe who were grown old in his Service. He thank'd them tenderly, and diſmiſſed them all but four, which were *Nannetta*, a Maid, who had brought up *Ardeliſa*, and govern'd his Houſe ever ſince he had been a Widower; *Bonhome*, his old Steward and Secretary; *Manne* and *Joſeph*, a young Maid and Boy, who had been bred up in his Family. And now, with a fair Wind that Evening, they hoiſted Sail, on the 12th day of *March*, in the Year 170⅔. and, having a proſperous Voyage, reach'd the deſir'd Port, arriving at *Conſtantinople*, *May* the 1ſt.

So ſoon as they came to an Anchor, the old Count, who beſt knew the Cuſtoms of the Place, taking the Captain of the Veſſel, went aſhore

ſhore to viſit ſome *French* Merchants, to whom he brought Letters, and to pay the uſual Compliments to the Baſſa of the Port, and *French* Conſul; leaving the young Count with *Ardeliſa*, whom the Diſorder of a Sea-Voyage had ſo much indiſpos'd, that ſhe was ſcarce able to riſe off the Bed: 'Now my 'charming Dear, *ſaid the Lover*, 'we are arriv'd at a ſtrange Coun'try, where we ſhall no more ſee 'Chriſtian Churches, where Reli'gion ſhows itſelf in Splendour, and 'God is worſhipp'd with Harmony 'and Neatneſs; but odious Moſques, 'where the vile Impoſtor's Name is 'eccho'd thro the empty Quires and 'Vaults; where curs'd *Mahome*'*tans* profane the ſacred Piles, once 'conſecrate to our Redeemer, and 'adorn'd with ſhining Saints and 'Ornaments, rich as Piety itſelf 'could make them. Alas! alas! 'dear *Ardeliſa*, what will our Fa'ther's Ambition and Reſentments 'coſt both him and us? My boding 'Soul ſeems to forewarn me, that

‘ we here ſhall meet ſome dire Miſ-
‘ fortunes: The Wealth we have
‘ brought with us, may perhaps oc-
‘ caſion our undoing; but more,
‘ your Beauty, ſhould ſome luſtful
‘ *Turk*, mighty in Slaves and Pow-
‘ er, once ſee that lovely Face;
‘ what human Power could ſecure
‘ you from his impious Arms, and
‘ me from Death! Let me intreat
‘ you, as you prize your Vertue,
‘ and my Life, ſhow not yourſelf in
‘ publick; let the Houſe concea
‘ you, till Divine Providence deli-
‘ vers us from hence.’ *Ardeliſa*,
who was from his Diſcourſe made
too ſenſible of what ſhe had to fear,
ſhedding ſome Tears, reply'd, ‘ My
‘ dear Lord, I did not dare to tell
‘ my Father what I thought of this
‘ Deſign; but I, like you, have had
‘ a Dread e'er ſince we left our na-
‘ tive Land. I ſhall be wholly go-
‘ vern'd by you in all things, and
‘ rather chuſe to confine my-ſelf
‘ from all Converſation, than give
‘ you the leaſt diſquiet: but, alas!
‘ ſhould my Father's new Under-
‘ takings,

'takings, his Trading, occaſion your 'Abſence from me, what muſt I 'do? or who ſhall protect me from 'the Infidels Inſolence?' At theſe words, ſhe remain'd ſilent, a Flood of Tears interrupting; whilſt he folding her in his Arms, ſigh'd deeply, and juſt as he was going to ſpeak, was prevented, by *Bonhome*'s entering the Cabbin to inform him, that the Boat was return'd, with a Meſſage from his Maſter, that they ſhould come aſhore, and that he only ſhould ſtay aboard, to ſee the Cargo of the Ship unloaded: my Lord likewiſe, *continu'd he*, deſires that you, Madam, will take care to bring, in your own hand, the little Cabinet of Jewels; you will find him at a *French* Merchant's Houſe, where you are to continue, till my Lord has taken a Houſe.

Nannetta and the young Lord aſſiſting, *Ardeliſa* aroſe, and was led to the ſide of the Ship, and he deſcending into the Boat, receiv'd his Miſtreſs into his Arms and with the faithful *Nannetta* and *Joſeph*, landed. They were by the Seamen conducted to the Merchant's Houſe, where they found the Count *de Vinevil*, and were received and entertain'd with all the Kindneſs and Magnificence imaginable. Here they continu'd for about a Month, in which time a handſome Houſe was taken, and furniſh'd, all the Goods got out of the Ship, brought aſhore, and ſafely put into Warehouſes; the greateſt part of which Goods were quickly ſold to the *Turks*, by means of the *French* Conſul and Merchant.

The Count *de Vinevil*, at their leaving his Houſe, made handſome Preſents to Monſieur *de Joyeuxe*, his Lady, and Servants; and he and ſhe had conceived the higheſt Eſteem and Friendſhip that is poſſible for him, his Daughter, and the young Lord. And now the Count ſettled, and thus acquainted, and aſſiſted, began to be extremely pleaſed with his Voyage and Succeſs, and to reſolve upon continuing in this place the reſt of his days. *Ardeliſa* carefully avoided going abroad, whilſt her Father, and Lover, viſited, managed, and diſpatched all the Affairs with the Merchants: but ſo many Baſhaws, and Perſons of Quality, came to her Father's to traffick for *European* Goods, that ſhe could not avoid being ſometimes ſeen. Amongſt theſe, *Mahomet*, the Captain of the Port's Son, a Chief Officer in the Sultan's Guards, was ſo charm'd with her Beauty, that he became paſſionately in love with her; and knowing that her Father (being a Chriſtian) would never conſent to her being his, he conceal'd his Affection, reſolving to wait for an Opportunity to ſteal her away, or take her by force. In the mean time, he ſent her ſeveral Preſents of conſiderable value, by a Slave, whom he order'd to watch the young Count's going home at Noon, and to ask for her before him, and in caſe he was refuſed the ſight of her, to deliver the Preſent and Letter to the Count for her. This he did, to render the Count and her uneaſy, having been inform'd that he was to marry *Ardeliſa*. Theſe Letters had no Name to them, but were very amorous, and contain'd all the paſſionate Expreſſions in which a Lover could declare his Paſſion. This render'd both the old Lord, and young, very uneaſy; but above all, *Ardeliſa*, who foreſaw her Ruin approaching.

One day the ſame Slave comes as uſual, bringing a Letter in a Silver Basket of choice Sweetmeats, in the midſt of which was placed a Gold Box, under the Letter: this he deliver'd to the old Lord, for his Daughter, who now kept in her Chamber, and would no more be ſeen by Strangers. *Longueville* offer'd the Slave a large Reward, if he would reveal his Maſter's Name and Quality. The Slave ſurlily anſwer'd, 'Do you take me for a 'Chriſtian, that I ſhould betray my 'Truſt? A True Believer keeps 'his Word. My Maſter, when he 'thinks fit, will take what he is 'pleas'd to love: *Ardeliſa* ſhall then

‘ know her Happineſs. Till he re-
‘ veal it himſelf; not all the Wealth,
‘ the damning Gold, that would
‘ procure a Set of Courtiers great
‘ enough to depoſe a Chriſtian
‘ King, or to create two new ones,
‘ ſhould ſeduce me to reveal his Se-
‘ cret; tho I am ſure to fall a Vic-
‘ tim by his Hand, whenever he is
‘ diſpleaſed, or would divert himſelf
‘ with dooming me to die. Fare-
‘ wel Chriſtian, take care, and bluſh
‘ to think we both deſpiſe your
‘ Faith and you.’

He left them much amaz'd; they went to *Ardeliſa* in her Chamber, and there opening the Gold Box, they found inclos'd the Picture of a young *Turk*, ſet round with Diamonds of great Price. Juſt at this Inſtant the old Lord was called by *Nannetta* to the *French* Conſul, who wanted to ſpeak with him; he leaving the Room, the young Count throwing himſelf at his Miſtreſs's Feet, ſaid, ‘ Now, my *Ardeliſa*,
‘ my prophetick Fears are verify'd,
‘ now what Courſe ſhall we take?

‘ Why does Chriſtianity forbid me ‘ to prevent your Ruin and my own ‘ by a noble Death ? Where ſhall ‘ we fly to? Oh ! now deny me not ‘ one laſt Requeſt ; this Night, this ‘ Hour, prevent my Diſhonour, and ‘ let us marry. Stay not, for a fooliſh Modeſty, till you are raviſh'd ‘ from me ; then we may with Honour go together, wherever cruel ‘ Fate ſhall drive us.’ Here he embrac'd her tenderly, and ſhe reply'd, ‘ My dear Lord, I am at my Father's ‘ and your Diſpoſe, I will no longer deny you any thing. May ‘ Heaven proſper our vertuous Union, and preſerve my Perſon always yours.’ At theſe words the old Lord enter'd the Room, to inform them what the Conſul was come about : ‘ He tells me, *ſaid he*, ‘ that he is ſecretly advertis'd, that ‘ there is ſome Deſign of ſeizing ‘ our Ship as it lies in the Harbour, ‘ by means of ſome *Turkiſh* Baſſa, ‘ but he can't yet diſcover who ; ‘ and counſels me to ſend you, my ‘ Son, immediately aboard, with

‘ what Goods we have proper for the ‘ *Spaniſh* Trade, and that you ſail ‘ for the firſt Port there, or in *Italy*, ‘ which you may reach in few days, ‘ and ſtay there till I and my Daughter can ſecretly get off with the ‘ remainder of our Effects, which ‘ he will diſpoſe of for us as his ‘ own. Now therefore, my dear ‘ Children, let us reſolve what to ‘ do; too late I ſee my Raſhneſs, for ‘ which I know you muſt condemn ‘ me: but forgive me, and reproach ‘ me not, ſay what's beſt to be done.’ The young Lord anſwer'd, ‘ My ‘ honour'd Father, firſt make *Ardeliſa* mine, ſend for the Conſul's ‘ Prieſt, and marry us, that I may ‘ not be ſo wertched to loſe her unenjoy'd. Next let us go aboard in ‘ the dead of the Night, and leave ‘ this fatal Place.’ ‘ Alas! *anſwer'd* ‘ *the Count*, my Son, that is impoſſible, your firſt Requeſt is juſt, and ‘ ſhall be inſtantly comply'd with; ‘ but what you laſt adviſe is impracticable. You know no Ship can ‘ go into this Port, or out, buſt muſt

‘ firſt paſs Examination; they will ‘ not ſtop you, but rather will be ‘ pleas’d with your Abſence. You ‘ therefore can with Safety carry off ‘ what is moſt valuable of our Effects, and ſtay at ſome Port, to ‘ which we will follow you; from ‘ thence we will return to *France*.’ ‘ No, my Father, *ſaid the young* ‘ *Lord*, I can’t conſent to leave you, ‘ the Conſequence of that muſt be ‘ her Ruin, and your Death; but ‘ this I will do, I will this night go ‘ on board the Ship with our beſt ‘ Effects, under pretence of going ‘ to trade; thus I ſhall paſs ſafely ‘ out of the Port, at ſome diſtance ‘ from which I will lie at Anchor, ‘ till you and *Ardeliſa* come to me, ‘ which you ſhall do in this manner: ‘ To-morrow in the Afternoon you ‘ ſhall borrow the Conſul’s Boat, pretending you are going to take the ‘ Air on the Water for pleaſure, ſo ‘ you may get an Opportunity of ‘ eſcaping to me.’ This the old Count agreed to, and the ſame Evening the Prieſt made the lovely *Ardeliſa*

Ardeliſa Wife to the generous *Longueville*, the Time and Circumſtances requiring Haſte and Secrecy. After Supper the Servants pack'd up what was leaſt cumberſome, and moſt valuable; the Conſul accompany'd the young Lord to the Baſſa of the Port's Houſe, who eaſily granted them the Paſſports proper for *Longueville*'s Departure with the Ship and Goods. In the Night he took leave of his Bride and Father, with much Concern and Diſorder: ‘Now, *ſaid he*, my charming *Ardeliſa*, whom Heaven has ‘this happy Day made mine, I am ‘going from you for ſome tedious ‘Hours, which I ſhall paſs with an ‘Impatience and Concern which ‘words cannot expreſs: May Angels guard you and conduct you to ‘my longing Arms again; but if ‘ſome dreadful Chance prevents our ‘meeting, remember both your Duty to yourſelf and me. Permit ‘not a vile Infidel to diſhonour you, ‘reſiſt to death, and let me not be ‘be ſo compleatly curs'd, to hear

‘ you live, and are debauch’d. My ‘ Soul is fill’d with unaccuſtom’d ‘ Fears; forgive me, *Ardeliſa*, I ‘ know your Vertue’s ſtrong, tho ‘ you are weak, but Force does oft ‘ prevail. We are now on the Criſis of our Fate, ’tis a bold Venture ‘ that I run to leave you here; but ‘ if I ſtay, we are ſure of Ruin. To ‘ keep you, I muſt leave you; in ‘ Providence is all my Hope: if we ‘ do meet no more, to God I’ll dedicate the wretched Hours I ſhall ‘ ſurvive you, and never know a ‘ ſecond Choice.’ At theſe words he took her in his Arms, whilſt ſhe, all drown’d in Tears, ſaid, ‘ Why, my ‘ dear Lord, do you anticipate Miſfortunes? Why doubt that Providence which has preſerv’d us coming hither, and will, I hope, prevent our Ruin? Fear not my Virtue, I’m reſolv’d never to yield ‘ whilſt Life ſhall laſt. I applaud ‘ your Reſolution, and ſhall prove ‘ I’m worthy you. Go, ſince there ‘ is no other way to ſave us, and by ‘ theſe fond Delays waſte not the

‘ Time Fate points us out for our ‘ Eſcape, before the vicious Infidel ‘ gets knowledge of our Deſign.’ At this he loos’d her from his Arms, and, turning from her, wiped the falling Drops from his Eyes, whilſt the old Count embrac’d him with all the Tenderneſs of Friendſhip, and ſuch Affection as Fathers have for only Sons, ſaying, ‘ A thouſand ‘ Bleſſings follow you, my Son, and ‘ proſper what we do.’ At theſe words the young Lord bow’d, and went to the Boat, follow’d by the Boatſwain only, the Captain and part of the Men being gone before on board. He arriv’d ſafe into the Ship, and fell down at break of day, paſſing the Caſtles, into the Road, where he caſt Anchor.

CHAP. II.

AND now the Sun riſing, the young Lord began to count each Minute, ſtill looking out to ſee if the wiſh'd-for Boat appear'd; but Providence, that was reſolv'd to try his Faith and Vertue, determin'd to ſeparate him and *Ardeliſa*. A dreadful Storm aroſe at Noon, ſo violent, that Cables could no longer hold the labouring Veſſel, the Anchors broke their Hold, the Ship was drove into the open Seas, and in few hours loſt ſight of all the *Turkiſh* Coaſt. Eighteen days they ſail'd, and then got ſight of *Leghorne*, into which they gladly put, to get Refreſhments, and repair the ſhatter'd Veſſel, which had loſt all her Maſts and Rigging.

Here they were conſtrain'd to ſtay to refit fourteen days more; and then, contrary to the Captain's Advice, *Longueville*, whoſe uneaſy

State of Mind it is impoſſible for words to deſcribe, commanded them to return to *Conſtantinople*; leaving here, with the *French* Conſul, the Money and Goods they had brought from *Turkey*, for which place they again ſet Sail; where we ſhall leave them purſuing their Voyage, and return to the old Count and *Ardeliſa*.

No ſooner was the young Lord gone aboard, but the Count *de Vinevil* reflecting upon their Danger, told *Ardeliſa*, 'He did not think it 'adviſable for her to ſtay that Night 'in the Houſe:' So he call'd *Nannetta* and *Joſeph*, and bid them go with her to the Conſul's, whither he would come in the morning, to conſult how to accompliſh what they deſign'd. She much intreated her Father to go with her; but he anſwer'd, 'No, my dear Child, it is 'no ways ſafe for me to leave the 'Houſe; for ſhould the Baſſa of the 'Port ſend Spies, my Preſence would 'prevent their ſuſpecting our De-'ſign of going away; if you are 'ask'd for, I can plead your being 'in bed, as a juſt Excuſe for your 'not appearing; me they have no 'reaſon to hate.' Theſe Reaſons made her (tho with great reluctance) conſent to go without him; ſhedding a Flood of Tears, ſhe embrac'd him, ſaying, 'Adieu, my 'dear Lord and Father, may the at'tending Angels keep us, and blaſt our 'Enemies bad Deſigns againſt us.' He bleſs'd her, and they parted, never, alas! to meet again, for Fate had ſo decreed. The Count and Servants buſy'd in packing up what yet remain'd in the Houſe, *Ardeliſa* having carry'd only the ſmall Cabinet of Jewels, with about a thouſand Piſtoles in hers and the Maids Pockets, they ſhut all the Doors and Windows faſt, to avoid Diſcovery; but it was not long before ſomebody knock'd with ſuch Fury at the Gate, that they all ſtood looking with Amazement on one another. At laſt the Count bid them go ſee what was the matter: The Servant, who went to the Gate, demanded civilly, Who was there?

thinking it might be the young Lord return'd, or *Ardeliſa*; but he was ſoon anſwer'd by the enrag'd *Mahomet*, who having been inform'd by his Slave of what had paſs'd betwixt *Longueville* and him, was reſolv'd to gratify his Love and Revenge together: In order to which, he deſign'd the ſeizing the Ship to prevent their Eſcape, and then caus'd this Rumour to be ſpread, in hopes it would drive *Longueville* to fly with her, that ſo he might have a juſt Pretence to ſeize them; but finding he went alone, and that the Lady and her Father ſtaid behind, he reſolv'd to give them this Viſit in the dead of the night, not doubting to find them defenceleſs: and beſides, whatever Violence he ſhould then commit, would be better conceal'd, being not willing to occaſion a Quarrel betwixt his Emperor and *France*; or what was more certain, loſe his own Life by the Bow-ſtring, if Juſtice were requir'd by the *French* Ambaſſador. To prevent all which fatal Conſequences, he determin'd to kill the old Lord and Servants, carry off the Lady, and leave none in the Houſe to betray him. With this villanous Intent he came, attended with his bloody Vaſſals, whom the Fear of Death had ſo poſſeſs'd, that they dar'd not fail to act whatever Villany he commanded. *Mahomet* bid the Servant open the Gate that moment, or he would force his way in with Fire and Sword.

At theſe words the poor Boy fled into the Houſe, to give his Lord notice; but the fatal Meſſage had ſcarce paſt his trembling Lips, when they heard the Gate broke open, and ſaw the mercileſs *Turks* enter the Houſe; *Mahomet* crying, 'Secure 'the Chriſtian Dogs; by *Mahomet!* 'if one eſcape alive, beſides the La'dy, your forfeit Lives ſhall anſwer 'it.' At theſe words they laid hands on the amaz'd Servants, with their drawn Scymetars in hand. The old Lord, whoſe noble Soul diſdain'd to ſhrink, ſtep'd boldly to him, ſaying, 'Inſolent Lord! what

‘ have we done to injure thee? Why ‘ are we treated thus? Natives of ‘ *France*, and Friends to your great ‘ Emperor and you; if I, or mine ‘ have injur’d you, you have a Right, ‘ as well as we, to procure Juſtice ‘ on us: ſpeak, what is our Crime?’ *Mahomet* clapping his Dagger to his Breaſt, reply’d, ‘Do you ask Queſ-‘ tions, Fool? ſhow me to your ‘ Daughter’s Bed, and, with her ‘ Honour, buy that Life, which I, ‘ on any other Terms, won’t ſpare. ‘ Make me happy in her Arms, and ‘ ſilently conceal all that ſhall paſs ‘ this Night, or I will plunge this ‘ Dagger in your Heart, leave no-‘ thing here but ſpeechleſs Ghoſts, ‘ and murder’d Carcaſes; then with ‘ *Ardeliſa* I’ll return to my own Pa-‘ lace, and there force her to give ‘ all her Treaſures up to me, and ‘ glut myſelf in her Embraces.’ The Count *de Vinevil*, with a Look that ſpoke Diſdain and Rage, reply’d, ‘ No, Villain! *Ardeliſa* ne-‘ ver ſhall be thine; not Empires, or ‘ the Dread of any Death thy cur-

'ſed Fury could invent, ſhould make 'me but in thought conſent to ſuch 'a Deed; Life is a Trifle weigh'd 'with Infamy; the God I ſerve ſhall 'both preſerve her Vertue, and re-'venge my Death: My Daughter is 'not educated ſo, and will, I know, 'prefer a noble Death to ſuch Diſ-'honour.' *Mahomet* enrag'd, cry'd, 'Slaves! go, ſearch the Chambers, 'and bring her naked from her Bed, 'that I may raviſh her before the 'Dotard's Face, and then ſend his 'Soul to Hell.' At this the old Lord ſmil'd, and lifting up his Hands to Heaven, cry'd, ''Tis juſt, my God, 'that I, who have thus expos'd my 'Child, ſhould firſt feel the Miſery 'my Raſhneſs merits, but do not let 'her periſh here: Preſerve her, Great 'Creator, from the Luſt and Rage 'of theſe vile Infidels, and let thy 'Angels guide her home again; let 'my Blood expiate all my Sins, 'and give me Courage in this great 'Extremity.' At theſe words the *Turks*, who had in vain ſearch'd all the Houſe, aſſur'd their Lord, That

Ardeliſa was not there: ‘ Die then, ‘ (*ſaid he, to the old Count*) here ‘ I'll begin my Vengeance.’ At theſe words the cruel *Mahometan* plung'd his Dagger into his Breaſt; at which the old Lord fell, crying, *Mercy, my Saviour!* The Slaves ſoon diſpatch'd the innocent Servants, who in vain implor'd their Pity; then they proceeded to plunder the Houſe, after which they ſhut the Doors after them, and departed: *Mahomet* ſwearing, he would find *Ardeliſa*, or deſtroy all the *Frenchmen* in *Conſtantinople.*

CHAP. III.

WHILST this Tragick Scene was acting, the innocent *Ardeliſa*, having recommended herſelf to Heaven, was ſleeping in her Bed, and dreamt her Father called her, in a diſtant Room, to come to him. She fancy'd ſhe ran thither, and ſaw him all over Blood and

Wounds, at which he vaniſh'd from her; then found herſelf with Strangers in a wild deſolate Place, where they were in great Diſtreſs for Food, and knew not where to go; ſhe ſtarting, waked, and, in much Diſorder, finding it was day, ſhe roſe, calling *Nannetta*, who was up already: 'Oh *Nanon*, ſaid ſhe, I've 'had a diſmal Dream, make haſte, 'and ſend *Joſeph* to ſee if my dear 'Father's ſtirring yet.' The Maid was going, when the Conſul's Lady, entering the Chamber all in Tears, ſaid, 'Dear *Ardeliſa*, I have News 'to tell you, that a Vertue leſs than 'yours could not ſupport Now 'ſummon all your Reaſon and Religion to your Aid, and to that God 'ſubmit, who has this dreadful Night 'preſerv'd you.' 'Alas! Madam, 'I too well underſtand you, *ſhe reply'd*, my Father's murder'd.' She at theſe words fell into a Swoon, out of which, with difficulty, they recover'd her; returning to Life, ſhe fell into ſuch moving Lamentations, ſuch extreme, tho modeſt Sorrow, that would have made even the cruel Infidels, could they have ſeen her, melt, and feel Remorſe. The Lady comforted her all ſhe could, telling her, ‘ She muſt now think ‘ of her own Preſervation ; in order ‘ to which, the Boy and Maid muſt ‘ not be ſeen to ſtir abroad : Says ‘ ſhe, Monſieur *de Joyeuxe*, who liv‘ing near your Father, firſt heard ‘ the dreadful News, juſt now ſent ‘ a Servant to acquaint us, that your ‘ Father and you were murder’d, ‘ with all the Servants, and the ‘ Houſe plunder’d ; but that nobody ‘ could tell by whom. Thoſe that ‘ have done this helliſh Deed, will ‘ doubtleſs lie in wait for you. Let ‘ us permit this Report of your Death ‘ to ſpread, that we may get you ſe‘cretly convey’d to ſome diſtant ‘ Port, from whence you may get off ‘ ſafely.’ ‘ Alas ! Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, ‘ your Goodneſs will expoſe you ‘ and your Family to Ruin ; were I ‘ ſo ungrateful as to accept it, my ‘ ſtaying in your Houſe would un‘do you. No, Madam, God forbid

‘ I ſhould involve you in my unhappy Fate, it is my Ruin the fierce ‘ Villain ſeeks, my fatal Face has ‘ been our Deſtruction. Had I not ‘ left my Father, we had nobly died ‘ together; the only Favour I can ‘ ask of you, with Honour, is, to let ‘ me depart e’er I’m diſcover’d: ‘ Procure me but the Habit of a ‘ Man, the Boy and I will venture ‘ to feign ourſelves belonging to ‘ ſome Ship that now lies in the ‘ Road; if we are taken, we can ‘ only die; if we eſcape, Money ‘ ſhall bribe the Captain, where we ‘ get aboard, to put us ſafe into my ‘ dear Lord’s Ship.’ ‘ No, Madam, ‘ *reply’d the Lady*, your Life’s too ‘ precious to be riſqued in ſuch a ‘ manner. We have a Country-‘ houſe within thirty miles of this City, at a Village called *Domez-‘ Dure*, thither I will this night ‘ ſend you and your Servants; you ‘ and *Nannetta* ſhall be dreſs’d ‘ like Men, and *Joſeph* ſhall black ‘ his Face and Hands like *Domingo* our Slave: ſo you ſhall 'feign yourſelf very ſick, and in 'our Horſe-Litter ſhall be convey'd 'thither; there you may continue 'in Safety, till a fit Opportunity 'preſents to get you off: our Boat 'ſhall about Noon go off, and acquaint your Lord with all that has 'happen'd, and bid him put off to 'Sea, and make away for ſome other Port, where he may, ſome 'days hence, drop in with his Boat, 'and receive you. Perhaps, by that 'time, he whom we ſuſpect to have 'done this Villany, the Baſſa *Ibrahim*'s Son, who, it ſeems, was 'ſeen laſt Night attended with his 'Slaves late in the Streets, may be 'commanded hence to the Army, 'and then you may go away ſafely.'

This Offer *Ardeliſa* accepted of, with many Acknowledgments, and the Conſul's Lady left the Room, to acquaint the Conſul what they had determin'd to do, leaving *Ardeliſa* on her Bed, overwhelm'd with Grief. The Maid ſoon pack'd up the things, Mens Habits were brought, and ſhe and her Lady, who ſeem'd half dead, dreſs'd, and put into the Litter, with *Joſeph* walking by the Side, ſo black, that he appear'd a perfect *Moor*. They arriv'd ſafe at the Country-Houſe, where *Ardeliſa* fell ſick, and remain'd much longer than ſhe expected. The ſame day ſhe went from *Conſtantinople*, the Storm prevented the Conſul's Boat from giving the Lord *Longueville* notice of what was paſt, and he was drove out to Sea, as is before-recited.

CHAP. IV.

MANY Spies were employ'd by *Mahomet* to get Intelligence of *Ardeliſa*; and the ſame Evening of the Day ſhe went away, the Conſul's Houſe was ſearch'd, under pretence of his Servants having conceal'd a *Turkiſh* Slave, whom the Baſſa of the Port pretended his Son had loſt; ſo that it was a great Providence for her, and the Family, ſhe was not there. Whilſt ſhe lay ſick at *Domez-Dure*, *Joſeph*, the fictitious Black, us'd frequently to go about the Town for Proviſions, and became well acquainted with all the Country thereabouts. It chanced one Day, that as he was going to a Village near the Sea, he ſaw ſome Troops of *Turks* going along the Road; and fearing to be queſtion'd, he retir'd into a thick Wood: which, viewing well, he thought he perceiv'd ſomething like a Houſe; but ſo cover'd with Trees and Buſhes, that he could ſcarce diſcern it. Curioſity made him venture to go farther, and coming into the midſt of the Wood, he ſaw a ſmall Cottage, into which he enter'd by a Door that ſtood ajar. He ſtop'd a-while to hear if any Creature mov'd in it; but finding all things in ſilence, he enter'd and there found two little, but convenient Rooms, with a little Table, three low Stools, a Fire-Place, ſome Earthen-Diſhes, a Knife, Fork, and Spoon of Silver, and a little Pot; and in the inner Room, a Mattreſs, laid on ſome Ruſhes, with a Quilt and Sheets; a Box, in which he found ſome Linen, and ſome Books of Devotion in the *Latin* Tongue, with a Crucifix: but no Perſon being there, he concluded ſome Chriſtian Slave had eſcap'd, and liv'd there conceal'd. The Soldiers, as he ſuppos'd, being now gone, he return'd to the Road, purſu'd his Journey, and went home, relating to his Lady and *Nannetta* what he had ſeen in the Wood; adding, 'My honour'd Lady, ſhould 'we be purſu'd hither, it were a 'moſt ſafe Retreat for you to fly to.'

Some days they continu'd undiſturb'd, *Joſeph* frequently going to the Conſul's, to learn News of his Lord, but in vain. Sometimes *Ardeliſa* tormented herſelf, with thinking he periſh'd in the dreadful Storm; but, on Reflection, thought again, ſome Token of the Wreck would ſure have appear'd, being ſo near the Shore. Then ſhe concluded he was drove to Sea. But, at length, *Joſeph* going to the Conſul's, ſul's, chanc'd to overtake a Slave, who was going the ſame way; with whom falling in Talk, he ask'd him, 'Whither he was going, and from 'whence he came?' 'From *Domez-Dure*, *ſaid he*, where I have 'been to view a *Frenchman*'s 'Country-houſe, and have found 'what I wanted, for which my 'Lord will pay me nobly.'

I don't doubt theſe words ſtruck *Joſeph* like a Thunderbolt, ; he, recollecting himſelf, ſaid, 'Friend, 'will you drink a Dram with me; 'here, *ſaid he*, (pulling a little Bottle full of good Wine out of his Pocket) 'come let us ſit down un'der this Tree, and reſt a-while. The *Turk* ſuſpecting nothing, and tempted with the Opportunity of drinking Wine, conſented; and *Joſeph*, as he lifted the Bottle to his Head, ſtabb'd him to the Heart with his Knife: 'Go, Dog, *ſaid he*, go 'bear thy Meſſage to the Prince of 'Hell, there look Reward.' The *Turk* cry'd, ''Tis juſt, Great Pro'phet! Youth, I envy thee the

‘ Deed; ſo ſhould the Fool be ſerv’d ‘ that tells his Maſter’s Secret: much ‘ Chriſtian Blood I’ve ſpilt, and ‘ thou haſt puniſh’d me. Tell *Ar-* ‘ *deliſa*, if you do, as I ſuppoſe, be- ‘ long to her, ſhe is not ſafe at *Do-* ‘ *mez-Dure*; I can no more. He in few minutes died; whilſt *Joſeph*, turning back, fled, to forewarn his Lady to be gone.

He had no ſooner told the Story, but a deathlike Paleneſs overſpread her Face, and poor *Nannetta* could not ſpeak: ‘ Dear God, *cry’d Arde-* ‘ *liſa*, where ſhall I fly? what muſt ‘ I do?’ ‘ Madam, *cry’d the faith-ful Boy*, ‘ this Night fly to the Cot- ‘ tage in the Wood; the Slave, pre- ‘ vented from delivering his Meſſage, ‘ gains us time.’ ‘ But, alas! *ſaid* ‘ *ſhe*, whom may we find in that ‘ ſad Place?’ ‘ None but a Chriſ- ‘ tian, *he reply’d*, for ſuch I’m ſure ‘ he muſt be, by what I ſaw, if any- ‘ body lives there now. I will go hide ‘ myſelf in the Wood, and wait, to ‘ ſee if any one come in or out, and ‘ ſpeak to the Perſon; and if I ſee 'any, then return to let you know 'what is beſt to be done. Here we 'muſt not ſtay much longer, the 'dead Slave will be found, and ſome 'other ſent; it is enough that this 'Place is ſuſpected, and God, by 'my Hand, has given us this time 'to think and eſcape.'

Having eat ſomething, he departed, leaving *Ardeliſa* much diſtracted in her Thoughts. He had not waited long in the Wood, before he ſaw a Man come forth of the Cottage, in the Habit of a *Santoin*, or religious *Turk*, with Sandals on his Feet, his Face pale and meager; he had in his Hand a Piece of Bread, he lift up his Eyes to Heaven, ſigh'd deeply, croſs'd his Breaſt, and began to eat. *Joſeph*, who at firſt fear'd he had been a *Mahometan*, was now overjoy'd; and ſtepping from behind the Tree, where he had ſtood concealed, threw himſelf at his Feet, ſaying, 'Chriſtian and 'Friend, fear me not, but let us go 'in and talk, and I will ſhew you a 'way to preſerve Lives that may be

' of great uſe to you.' At theſe words the Hermit view'd him with much Attention; and tho greatly ſurpriz'd to hear him ſpeak, yet as a Man, to whom Death itſelf would not be terrible, anſwer'd, ' Speak ' on.' ' Father, *ſaid the Boy*, 'tis ' dangerous for us to talk here.' At this they enter'd the Houſe, where he told the Hermit, ' That a Chriſ- ' tian Lady, a Maid-Servant, and ' himſelf, begg'd to be ſhelter'd there, ' till they might find means to get ' off at a Sea-Port, to return to ' *France*.' ' To *France*, (*ſaid the* ' *Hermit*) *Moor*, for why?' ' Be- ' cauſe we are all Natives of that ' Place, *reply'd the Boy*.' ' Your ' Lady's Name, *ſaid the Hermit*?' ' My dear Lord was *de Vinevil*, *the* ' *Youth reply'd*, and I a luckleſs ' Lad, who here have loſt him.' At theſe words he wept. ' Alas! ' ſweet Boy, *ſaid he*, I knew him ' well; all that are his, I love, and ' will refuſe no Kindneſs to.'

The Boy, at theſe words, looking eaneſtly on him, knew him to be a

Prieſt born in *Picardy*, who went a Miſſionary to *Japan* about ten Years before: ‘ Father *Francis*, ‘ *ſaid he*, how bleſs'd am I to ſee ‘ you, tho in this ſad Place? How ‘ came you here? and by what Pro‑‘ vidence preſerv'd?’ The joyful Prieſt embracing him, perceiv'd he was no Black, and ſaid thus: ‘ A ‘ cruel Storm, in our Return to ‘ *France*, drove our Veſſel on this ‘ Coaſt, where a few of us were pre‑‘ ſerv'd from Death, but not from ‘ cruel Uſage: We were but five, ‘ and ſoon were ſeparated; three ‘ dy'd, I and my Brother *James* a ‘ *Turk* brought to *Conſtantinople*, ‘ under pretence of Kindneſs; then ‘ demanded a Ranſom moſt exorbi‑‘ tant, which we proteſting that ‘ we could not pay, he loaded us ‘ with Chains, threw us into a naſ‑‘ ty Vault, where we remain'd, ſuſ‑‘ tain'd with Bread and Water, till ‘ he fear'd our Deaths. Then he ‘ remov'd us to his Gardens in the ‘ Country, where he made us work ‘ as Slaves; till, weary of our Lives, 'we reſolutely leap'd the Wall, and 'fled; and meeting with this Wood 'in our way, ſtaid here to reſt, not 'being able to go farther. My Bro- 'ther, ſtripping off his Coat, e'en 'naked, enter'd the Village beg- 'ging, to prevent our periſhing for 'Food, pretending Sanctity and 'Vows to *Mahomet*. The charitable 'Villagers ſupplying his Wants with 'Food and Raiment, he return'd 'loaded to me. Thus were we en- 'courag'd to erect this homely Cell, 'with Boughs and Boards we beg- 'ged, to ſhield us from the Winter- 'Rains and Cold. Thus we liv'd 'three Months together, when he 'fell ſick, and dy'd; for ſix Months 'ſince I've liv'd by begging as be- 'fore, but ne'er diſcover'd where I 'dwell: I go each Morning forth, 'and roam about, or ſometimes ſit 'under ſome Tree to reſt, but don't 'return hither till Night.'

The Boy, thus ſatisfy'd, told all that related to his Lady; telling him withal, 'They had much Trea- 'ſure, and that he might, with leſs

‘ Suſpicion than they, viſit the next ‘ Port, and find a way both to deliver himſelf and them; and that he ‘ expected his Lord in a Ship belonging to them, of which he ſhould ‘ have Intelligence from *Conſtantinople*.’ He anſwer’d, ‘ Child, you ‘ need not urge theſe Reaſons, ſince ‘ God, who has preſerv’d me here ‘ ſo long, requires that I ſhould aſſiſt others in Diſtreſs. Go, bring ‘ your Lady hither, and may the ‘ Angels guide and keep us whilſt ‘ we ſtay, and give us Opportunity ‘ to eſcape from hence. Be gone; I ‘ muſt, as uſual, go my Round, and ‘ ſhall be back at Night.’ He gave his Bleſſing to the Youth, and ſo they parted.

CHAP. V.

JOSEPH returning home, gave his Lady an Account of the ſurprizing things he had met with in the Wood; and ſhe, lifting her

Hands to Heaven, ſaid, ‘ Now, my ‘ Great Deliverer, whoſe Providence has provided me this Retreat, keep me and mine; guided ‘ by thee, I cannot be unfortunate.’ At night they left the Houſe, taking their Money and Jewels; and getting ſafely to the Wood, found the good Father waiting at his Cottage-Door, who receiv’d them with a Joy and Civility ſuiting the polite Education he had receiv’d. He embrac’d *Ardeliſa* with a Concern, that called the Blood into his pale Cheeks, and ſhow’d how dear her Father was to him: ‘ Welcome, *ſaid* ‘ *he*, Daughter of my deareſt Friend; ‘ this Place, and the poor Maſter of ‘ it, is devoted to your Service.’ Leading her in, he ſeated her, having a poor Lamp burning: He had deck’d his little Cell as well as he could, having, in one Corner of the Out-Room, laid a Bed of Ruſhes for the Boy and him to lie on; and made a Door to the Inner-Room of plaited Ruſhes, to render it more private, that ſhe and her Maid, who wore their Mens Clothes, might undreſs, and riſe, without being ſeen. He then reach'd a Bottle of Wine, which he had kept there, with ſome Bread, for fear he ſhould fall ſick, and not be able to go out ſome days; with a Cup they drank, and, after ſome Diſcourſe, the Lady retir'd to Reſt.

The next Morning the Boy and Prieſt went forth early: At Noon the Lad return'd, bringing Proviſions for three days. They bury'd their Gold in a Hole, under their Bed, in the Inner-Room; and their Jewels behind the Cottage in a hollow Tree, covering the Box ſo carefully with Leaves and Earth, which they fill'd up the Hollow with, that it was almoſt impoſſible for others to find them; and in the Evening the Boy ſet out for *Conſtantinople*, to ſee if there was any News of his Lord and the Ship, as alſo to inform the Conſul of their Departure from his Country-houſe, and new Habitation.

The Lady and her Maid thus left alone, paſs'd the time in Prayer and

Diſcourſe, wherein they convers'd ſo piouſly, and expreſs'd themſelves ſo excellently, that it is pity the World is not favour'd with a Recital of all they ſaid: for *Nannetta* was a Maid whoſe Education had been noble, her Birth not mean, and indeed *Ardeliſa* ow'd to her, in great part, the exalted Principles and Sentiments ſhe poſſeſs'd, ſhe having had the Care of her in her Infancy; they eat together, and *Ardeliſa* forgot all Diſtinctions, only *Nannetta's* Reſpect increas'd with her Miſtreſs's Favour. At night they were glad to ſee the good Father return home; he told them, 'He had learn'd what ought to fill 'their Souls with freſh Acknowledg'ments to God, who had that Day 'miraculouſly preſerv'd them: So 'ſoon, *ſays he*, as I enter'd the 'Village, I found the People all in 'an Uproar, and their Eyes and 'Steps were all directed to the 'Houſe you left, where a Band of '*Turkiſh* Soldiers were rifling and 'ſearching all the Rooms and Gar-

‘ dens, headed by a Man, who, by ‘ the Reſpect they ſhow’d him, ‘ ſeem’d of no ſmall Quality. I ‘ ſtaid at ſome diſtance to obſerve ‘ what paſt, and, after ſome time, ‘ ſaw them depart in much Diſorder, and he in the utmoſt Rage, ‘ ſwearing by *Mahomet*, *He would* ‘ *deſtroy the Village, if he found* ‘ *you not ſoon.* The People ſtar’d ‘ upon one another, and ſeparated. ‘ I ask’d no Queſtions, but, as uſual, ‘ walk’d forward, ſeeming to mumble my Oriſons, and receiving the ‘ Alms of thoſe who call’d me. I ‘ would adviſe you, Madam, *continu’d he*, not to ſtir forth of the ‘ Houſe ſome days; I will go to the ‘ next Sea-Port, to ſee if any Ship ‘ be there belonging to *Spain*, ‘ *France*, *Holland*, or *England*, in ‘ either of which we may eſcape, after *Joſeph* is return’d.’ *Ardeliſa* then beſought him to take five Pieces of Gold, to ſerve his Neceſſities: ‘ No, my Child, *ſaid he*, the Providence of God ſhall provide for ‘ me, Money would render me ſuſ-

‘ pected, this Habit is my Paſſport ‘ here, I pray God to keep you in ‘ my Abſence, and proſper my Journey.’ They ſupp’d, pray’d, and went to Repoſe, and before Day the Hermit departed.

CHAP. VI.

AT the end of three Days *Joſeph* return’d to his Lady, and related the unhappy News he brought after this manner: ‘ My dear La‑ ‘ dy, *ſaid he*, the Conſul and his ‘ Lady are in Health, are much ‘ tranſported at your Safety, and ‘ ſend you word my Lord was well ‘ ſome days ago, and is ſo ſtill, they ‘ hope.’ ‘ Is he then alive, and ‘ here? *ſhe cry’d*; then I am hap‑ ‘ py.’ ‘ He was well, *reply’d the* ‘ *Boy*, and was here, but is departed, ‘ Madam: His Ship was drove ſo ‘ far out to Sea in the Storm, that he ‘ was oblig’d to make the firſt Port, ‘ which prov’d *Leghorne*, where 'the Ship was repair'd and victu'all'd again. Thence he return'd 'to *Conſtantinople*, but enter'd not 'the Port, fearing Diſcovery. At 'Evening he ſent his Boat aſhore, 'ordering the Crew to report, when 'ask'd, that he was dead, and that 'the Captain of the Ship came there 'only to trade. The Coxſwain was 'order'd to go to Monſieur *de Joy-euxe*'s Houſe, to enquire for my old 'Lord and you.' They there in'form'd him, that he, you, and all 'the Family were murder'd the 'ſame fatal Night he left you, and 'that he counſell'd my Lord to get 'off the Coaſt immediately, and re'turn to *France*, where Monſieur '*de Joyeuxe* and his Family hoped 'e'er long to ſee him, deſigning to 'return thither next Year. The 'Coxſwain return'd to the Ship 'with this Meſſage, upon which they 'ſet Sail, and are doubtleſs gone 'home to *France*. The Conſul 'heard nothing of the Ship's Arrival, 'till Monſieur *de Joyeuxe* ſent him 'this Account. The Conſul has 'ſent a Letter by the Ambaſſador's 'Packet, which he hopes will meet 'him in *Picardy*, to inform him, 'that you are living, and the Con'ſul will take care to inform you of 'the firſt Opportunity to get off for '*France*: mean time he is ready 'to ſerve you in all things, and 'hopes it will not be long before he 'ſhall be able to ſend you word, 'that your Enemy is gone to the 'Army, and that you may ſafely 'return to *Conſtantinople*.'

'Alas! my God, *anſwer'd* Arde'liſa, when will my Sorrows end? 'Thankful I am that my dear Lord 'ſtill lives, but why did he depart 'without me? That he lives ſaid 'I! Alas! Grief has perhaps e'er 'this finiſh'd his Life and Sorrows, 'and I have little or no hopes of ever 'ſeeing him again.' Here Tears ſtopp'd her from proceeding, and poor *Joſeph* and *Nannetta* ſtrove to comfort her all they were able.

The ſame Night the good Prieſt return'd, but brought no News of any Ship; to him they related what the Boy had learned at the City. He counſell'd *Ardeliſa* to truſt in Providence, and reſt ſatisfy'd: 'My 'dear Children, *ſaid he*, this Life 'is attended with nothing but Uncertainties, and full of Sorrows; 'the Enjoyments of it are ſhort and 'tranſitory. In all our Affections 'and Friendſhips here with one another, we ſhould have a future 'View, and manifeſt that Love, by 'being inſtrumental to one another's 'eternal Welfare. Our wiſe Creator inclin'd us to love one another 'ſo tenderly, with a more glorious 'Deſign than that of only propagating Mankind; it was to render us 'uſeful to each other in the greateſt 'Concern of Life, that of obtaining 'eternal Happineſs; whilſt this is 'our Aim, no Separation can be 'grievous, nor the Death of what 'we love caſt us down: He that 'leads the Perſon he pretends to love 'into Sin, acts the Devil's part, and 'is his greateſt Enemy. I remember my dead Friends as my greateſt 'Treaſures, which I hope to enjoy,

‘ when we wake together ; ſo you ‘ *Ardeliſa* muſt do, and if Heaven ‘ denies you the ſight of a loved ‘ Husband here, conſider, in a little ‘ while, he will be reſtor’d to you ‘ ſo improv’d, that your Joy and ‘ Friendſhip ſhall be eternal : this ‘ thoſe who live as, and are Chriſ- ‘ tians, are certain of.’ ‘ What Heavenly Sounds are theſe? *ſaid* Ardeliſa : your Words convey a Balm ‘ into my ſickly wounded Soul, have ‘ ſtill’d my Paſſions, and cur’d my ‘ Frailty ; yes, Father, I ſubmit, ‘ and Death itſelf will, I hope, find ‘ me well prepar’d.’ Theſe heavenly Converſations they continu’d daily, and, betwixt the pious Father and the Boy, were well ſupply’d with neceſſary Food. *Ardeliſa* and the Maid ventur’d not out at any diſtance from the Houſe : One Evening they were ſurpriz’d with hearing a hollowing in the Wood ; they look’d upon one another as Perſons apprehenſive of ſome great Misfortune ; but the Noiſe coming nearer, the good Father being not return’d home, the Boy went boldly out, and ſaw ſomething like a Man on Horſeback. He went up to him, ſaying, ‘ In the name of God, what ‘ would you have ? ’ This he ſpoke in the *Turkiſh* Language ; but the Man reply’d in *French*, ‘ Are you ‘ not *Joſeph* ? if ſo, bring me to ‘ your Lady.’ The Boy ſaid, ‘ Who ‘ do you belong to ?’ ‘ The Conſul,’ *ſaid he*. At theſe words he knew him, and ſaid, ‘ *Domingo*, you’re ‘ welcome.’ The Horſeman taking his Hand, ſaid, ‘ How fares your ‘ Lady ? *Mahomet*, her Enemy, is ‘ gone for the Army, a *French* Ship ‘ is in the Harbour, and I have ‘ brought the Horſe-Litter to our ‘ Country-Houſe, with Horſes for ‘ the good Father, you, and I. ‘ Bring your Lady thither preſently, ‘ and to-morrow we’ll return to ‘ *Conſtantinople*.’ By this time they came to the Houſe, from whence the Servant return’d to the Village ; and the little Family packing up what they had brought, deſigning to leave one of the Conſul’s Servants to wait the Father's Return, and bring him to them at *Conſtantinople*, departed ſoon after, leaving the lucky mournful Cottage deſtitute of Inhabitants, where they had liv'd three months without Diſturbance.

CHAP. VII.

FULL of Joy and Hopes, they chearfully walk'd towards *Domez-Dure*; but nothing is to be depended on in this World. A great *Turkiſh* General, nam'd *Oſmin*, who was going to *Conſtantinople*, with many Attendants, choſe the Coolneſs of the Night to travel, as is very cuſtomary in the Heat of Summer, met theſe poor Travellers, order'd them to be ſtopp'd, and ſeiz'd. They told him, 'They were two 'poor *French* Lads, and the Black, 'who were caſt aſhore in a Boat 'coming from a Ship for Proviſions, 'and were making their way to '*Conſtantinople*, where their Ship

‘ was ſailed for, to go in ſearch of ‘ her, or apply to the *French* Conſul to be ſent home, if the Ship ‘ was loſt, or ſail’d thence.’ This *Ardeliſa*, who was Orator for the reſt, ſaid; but the Charms of her Face, and the Eloquence of her Tongue, ſo enchanted *Oſmin*, that he reſolv’d to ſecure her for himſelf. He told them, ‘ They were ‘ Slaves, run away from their Owners, he ſuppos’d; however, he ‘ would carry them to *Conſtantinople*, and there ſee the Truth of ‘ what they ſaid.’ So order’d they ſhould be chain’d together, and walk in the middle of his Troop, commanding that no Violence ſhould be offer’d to them, or any thing they had about them taken away.

They had not gone far before *Ardeliſa* fainted, being unable to ſupport her inward Grief, and the Fatigue of the March: At which the General was alarm’d; and ſeeing the Concern her Companions were in, gueſs’d her to be the moſt noble of the three: he therefore order’d her to be put in a Horſe-Litter that attended him; ſo before day they arriv'd at his Palace, which was at the entering into the City: She, and the Boy, and Maid were brought in, and lock'd into a Room, where they could only ſigh and look upon one another, but dar'd not talk for fear of being overheard and diſcover'd.

In few moments after they were thus left, the General enter'd, and addreſſing himſelf to *Ardeliſa*, ſaid, 'Lovely Boy, or Maid, I know not 'which as yet to call you, fear not 'the Treatment I ſhall give you; 'my Heart is made a Captive to 'your Eyes, I will enjoy and keep 'you here, where nothing ſhall be 'wanting to make you happy: If 'you are a Man, renounce your 'Faith, adore our Prophet, and my 'Great Emperor, and I will give 'you Honours and Wealth exceeding your Imagination: If you're 'a Woman, here are Apartments, 'where Painting, Downy Beds, and 'Habits fit for to cover that ſoft

‘ Frame, Gardens to walk in, and ‘ Food delicious, with faithful Slaves ‘ to wait upon you, invite your Stay; ‘ where I will feaſt each Senſe, and ‘ make you happy as Mortality can ‘ be.’ At theſe words he claſp’d her in his Arms, and rudely opening her Breaſt, diſcover’d that ſhe was of the ſoft Sex. She, trembling, ſtrove, and, falling at his Feet, begg’d him to kill, or let her go. ‘ You doubtleſs are, *ſaid he*, the beauteous ‘ Maid, who fled my Friend *Mahomet*’s Purſuit, for whom he kill’d ‘ your Slaves and Father; how ‘ bleſs’d am I to find you? Your ‘ Maid, whoſe Tears and Bluſhes ‘ has diſcover’d her to me, ſhall bear ‘ you Company a-while. I muſt ‘ this moment to the Emperor, and ‘ ſhall ſoon return to ſleep within ‘ thoſe lovely Arms.’

At theſe words he left the Room, and two Eunuchs enter’d, who did lead her and her Maid into the Garden; and there opening the Doors of a beautiful Apartment, conducted them in: then leaving them in a lovely Room, departed, and ſoon return'd with Sherbets of delicate Taſte, preſerv'd and cold Meats, telling them, they ſhould refreſh themſelves; and ſhowing a rich Bedchamber, with Cloſets full of Womens Clothes, bid them ſhift, and dreſs in any of thoſe rich *Turkiſh* Habits they lik'd beſt, none ſhould diſturb them. At theſe words the Eunuchs withdrew. Now the diſtracted Maid and her Lady, looking upon one another, wept, unable to expreſs their Thoughts in words. At length *Ardeliſa* broke ſilence in this manner: 'Juſt God! 'what wilt thou do with us? Di'rect me now, and help me in this 'great Diſtreſs. Oh *Nannon!* ad'viſe me: Shall this bold Hand de'ſtroy the Villain when he enters? 'Sure it can be no Sin to ſave my 'Virtue with his Blood? Yes; I 'am reſolv'd to do it, tho I periſh. 'Let his Slaves revenge his Death 'on me, and torture me with all 'their Fury can invent, Death's but 'a Trifle in compariſon of Infamy.

'Yes; my dear Lord commanded 'me to ſuffer Death, rather than 'yield to luſtful Infidels, and Chriſtianity enjoins it: Come, let us 'eat, and, thus reſolv'd, fear nothing. You, my faithful Friend, 'they'll doubtleſs ſpare, as being 'neither young nor beautiful. Pray 'for me; and if ever you are ſo 'happy to ſee *France*, and my dear 'Lord again, tell him I have obey'd 'him, and behav'd myſelf as does 'become a Chriſtian and his Wife.' She then ſat down, looking with ſuch Serenity and Calmneſs, as one prepar'd for all Events. They eat and pray'd together, and paſt the Night in pious Talk, where we ſhall leave them.

CHAP. VIII.

WE now return to *Oſmin*, to ſhow what Care Almighty Goodneſs takes of thoſe who truſt in him. The *Turk* had brought a Packet from the Grand Viſier to the Sultan, the Contents of which did ſo diſpleaſe him, that, according to the barbarous Cuſtoms of that Nation, he wreck'd his Rage upon the luckleſs *Oſmin*, commanding him a Priſoner to the *Seven Towers*; where, chain'd, we leave him to curſe his falſe Prophet, and his Deſtiny.

The News of his Diſgrace ſoon reach'd his home; and now the Slaves no longer were ſo careful to watch the Doors of his Seraglio, but, in the morning, left them open; telling the Lady, 'She might 'have the liberty of the Gardens to 'walk.' This was pleaſing News to *Ardeliſa*, becauſe ſhe and *Nannetta*

netta hoped, by this means, to find ſome way to eſcape. They thank'd the Eunuchs who had brought in Chocolate for their Breakfaſt; and when they were gone, *Ardeliſa* and *Nannetta* ventur'd into the Garden; which was ſuch, as ſhow'd that Art and Nature had there done their utmoſt, and made it one of the moſt delightful Places Eyes ever ſaw: Fountains, and Groves, and Grottoes, where the Sun could never enter; long Walks of Orange and Myrtles, with Banks, where Flowers of the moſt lovely Kinds, and fragrant Scents ſtood crowded, with Pleaſure-Houſes built of *Parian* Marble, and within ſo wrought and painted, that it appear'd an earthly Paradiſe. Nor did there want large Terraſs-Walks, from whence the Eye might be entertain'd with the full View of that great City, and the noble Port, which is one of the moſt lovely Proſpects in the World.

They had not walk'd long here, before they perceiv'd *Joſeph* running towards them; he made a ſign to them to retire into one of the Grottoes, whither he follow'd; and ſo ſoon as he could recover his Breath, he embrac'd his Lady's Knees, ſaying, ' My Soul is tranſported, ' my dear Lady, to ſee you ſafe; I ' have News will overjoy you: Laſt ' Night the Villain *Oſmin* was ſent ' by the Sultan to the *Black-Tower*; ' amongſt the Servants I have learn'd ' all, and this Night will deliver ' you. I find the Servants are very ' careful of the Out-Doors and Gates, ' therefore in the night I will ſet fire ' to the Houſe, which will put them ' all into Confuſion; be you ready ' to follow me, and I doubt not to ' conduct you ſafe to the Conſul's.' *Ardeliſa* admir'd the Boy's Zeal and Love, and ſaid, ' My God, I thank ' thee; and if I live to ſee *France* ' again, *Joſeph*, you ſhall know how ' much I eſteem your Fidelity.' They thought it not convenient to talk longer; ſo *Joſeph* haſted back to the Houſe, being taken little or no notice of by the Servants, who were in the greateſt Concern, expecting their Lord's Ruin, and conſequently a new Maſter, who might perhaps prove more cruel than their old: for it is cuſtomary for the Sultan, when he puts one Favourite to death, to give his Eſtate, Houſe, and Slaves to another.

The Day growing hot, *Ardeliſa* and her Maid thought of returning to their Apartment to paſs the Day; when they perceiv'd a Lady in *Turkiſh* Habit, tall, delicately ſhaped, and a Face perfectly beautiful, yet look'd melancholy. She ſtarted at the ſight of them, being in Mens Clothes, and dreſs'd like *Europeans*, yet ſhe ſtood ſtill. At which *Ardeliſa* haſted towards her, and, bowing, ſpoke to her in *French*, ſuppoſing her ſome Chriſtian Lady, who had, like her, been forc'd thither: 'Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, fear not to ſpeak 'to me, I am, like you, a Woman; 'and if you are a Chriſtian, tell me 'of what Nation, and how brought 'here?' At theſe words, the Lady looking on her attentively, anſwer'd, ‘Yes, Stranger, I am a Chriſtian, ‘and by Birth a *Venetian*, made ‘Captive with many others of our ‘wretched Nation, noble Virgins, ‘who, like me, have liv'd too long, ‘being now made Slaves to the wild ‘Luſts of cruel Infidels; from which ‘nothing but Death can deliver us.’ At theſe words, *Ardeliſa* embracing her, ſaid, ‘Yes; God by me will, ‘I doubt not, this Night free us; ‘come with me into that Apartment, ‘where I will tell you News, that ‘will not be unwelcome to you.’ They went together, follow'd by *Nannetta*, and being ſeated, *Ardeliſa* told her of *Oſmin*'s Diſgrace, bid her ſtay with her that Day, and at Night, ſhe hoped they ſhould be ſhow'd a way to eſcape. ‘And ‘now, *ſaid ſhe*, to make the Day ‘ſeem leſs tedious, oblige me with ‘the Recital of your Misfortunes.’ To which the Lady willingly condeſcended, and thus began her Story.

CHAP. IX.

'MY Name is *Violetta*, I was 'born in *Venice*, of a Fa'mily antient and noble; my Fa'ther's Name was Don *Manuel*, 'who did then, and I hope does 'ſtill, command a Man of War for 'the Republick, being honour'd 'with the Order of St. *Mark* for 'his great Services. My Mother is 'a Lady of great Goodneſs and 'Beauty, and deſcended of one of 'the moſt illuſtrious Families of the '*Venetian* Senators. It pleas'd 'God to give them no other Chil'dren but myſelf, and one Son, who 'loſt his Life in that unfortunate 'Day when I was taken. He com'manded the Forces on the Coaſt, 'and the *Turks* landing, after a 'bloody Diſpute, getting the better 'by Numbers, ravag'd the Coaſt; 'and entering the Churches and 'Convents, in one of which my Fa-

‘ ther had plac’d me to ſecure me, ‘ as moſt of our Nobility had their ‘ Daughters; they carry’d us all aboard their Ships, with all the ‘ Treaſure their ſacrilegious Hands ‘ had pillag’d; and here divided ‘ the Spoils, preſented thoſe of us, ‘ whom they lik’d beſt, or believ’d ‘ moſt noble, to the Grand Signior ‘ and his Favourites: it was my ‘ Lot to be given to *Oſmin*, and here ‘ I have had the Misfortune to be ‘ kept theſe two Years, being too ‘ much eſteem’d by him.’ *Ardeliſa, interrupting her, cry’d*, ‘ Alas! ‘ Madam, are there no more Ladies ‘ here?’ ‘ No, *reply’d* Violetta, not ‘ at preſent; there are here ſometimes, at leaſt ten more of different ‘ Nations, ſome of which are noble as myſelf, and, in my Opinion, ‘ more worthy to be loved; but ‘ they are all now gone into the ‘ Country, to a Houſe of Pleaſure, ‘ during *Oſmin*’s Abſence: But as ‘ for my part, whether it be that he ‘ loves me, as he pretends, more ‘ than the reſt, or that he fears to

‘ truſt me hence, I know not; but I ‘ was never remov’d from this Place. ‘ I have had one Son by him, which ‘ I ſecretly baptiz’d, and which it ‘ pleas’d God to take to himſelf ſince ‘ *Oſmin* went to the Army, which ‘ is about three Months. This is ‘ my unfortunate Hiſtory, I pray ‘ Heaven it may end more happily.’ The Ladies paſt the Day, with much Satisfaction to each other, longing for the approaching Night.

CHAP. X.

LET us now make Enquiry after the good Prieſt, who return’d not to his Cottage till the Day after *Ardeliſa* and her Servants had left it; being prevented from returning home by the following Accident. As he was paſſing by a Wood, in his way home from the Sea-ſide, which he frequently viſited, to look out for a Ship, he ſaw a Troop of *Turks*, at the Head of which was the treacherous *Turk*, who had us'd him ſo cruelly, when he made him and the other good Prieſt his Gardiners. He ſtep'd out of the Road to avoid being ſeen, which immediately gave ſome Suſpicion to the Eagle-ey'd *Turks*, who preſently made up to him. This occaſion'd him to fly from them into the Wood, where, looking out for a Place to hide himſelf, he perceiv'd, in the Side of a ſmall riſing of the Ground, a Hole big enough for a Man to go in at; and, looking curiouſly into it, ſaw Steps cut in the Earth to go down. His Fears inclin'd him to venture into this Place; deſcending, he came to a Door, which was put to, but not faſten'd; opening it, he enter'd into a Cave, where Nature ſeem'd to have play'd the Part of Art; it was ſpacious and clean, a Lamp was burning on a Table; there ſtood a large Trunk lock'd, and on a Bed of Ruſhes lay a Man in a rude Habit of Beaſts Skins, and by him ſtood an Earthen Pitcher full of Water; he appear'd very ſick and weak. The good Father drew near to him; at which the Man, turning his Head, ſaid, with a weak Voice, in the *Turkiſh* Language: 'Stranger, diſturb me 'not, leave me to die in Peace.' The good Father, mov'd with Compaſſion, anſwer'd, 'God forbid I ſhould 'injure you, I would much rather 'aſſiſt you in all I am able.'

At theſe words the dying Man reply'd, 'Alas! *Turk*, thou canſt 'give me no Aſſiſtance, my Saviour 'muſt aſſiſt me.' 'Are you then 'a Chriſtian, *ſaid the Prieſt?* I 'myſelf am ſo; and what is 'more, a Prieſt: God has doubtleſs 'ſent me here to you.' 'Then I 'am happy, *ſaid the Penitent*;' and ſtrait beſought him, ſaying, 'Father, there is Bread in that 'Trunk, take it; hear my Confeſ'ſion, and make me bleſs'd: let my 'Lord but viſit my Soul, and I ſhall 'die joyfully.'

The good Prieſt willingly conſented, and prepar'd him for Death, as well as the Time and Place would permit, giving him Wine out of a Bottle he carry'd in his Pocket; after which he ſeem'd much reviv'd. Then he deſir'd the Penitent to relate to him, if he was able, how he came there, and who he was? He anſwer'd, 'Father, my Strength 'and Life are deficient, in that 'Trunk you'll find a Paper, which 'contains what you deſire to know; 'take that, and what elſe you will 'find with it, I thank my God a 'Chriſtian has it.' Here he return'd to Prayer, his Agonies growing ſtrong, in which he continu'd till ſix in the morning, when he dy'd. The good Father finiſh'd his good Work, with ſaying the Burial-Service over him, and covering him up in his rude Habit, and ſome of the Ruſhes of his Bed, went to the Trunk, which opening with a Key he had given him, he found ſome very rich Linen, and choice Books, and a Cabinet of great Value; which opening, there was a great quantity of Gold and Jewels, with a Crucifix, all Diamonds, and, in a Corner of the Trunk, ſome Church-Plate. In the ſame Cabinet a large Paper, which, with the help of the Lamp, he read, tho by his Confeſſion he had been partly inform'd of his Life paſt. The Paper contain'd theſe words.

CHAP. XI.

MY Name was Don *Fernando de Cardiole*, I was by Birth a noble *Spaniard*, and was Commander of a Galleon; I fell in love with a Lady, whoſe Name was Donna *Corina*, a Maid of Honour to the Queen. She ſeem'd to favour me above all the other Pretenders, of which ſhe had many, being a Lady of great Fortune and Beauty; till a young Nobleman, who came to Court, juſt return'd from his Travels, whoſe Name was Don *Pedro de Mendoza*, made love to her. She grew cold to me, and he rude and inſolent; at which, incens'd, I watch'd an Opportunity, and had him aſſaſſinated: then putting out to Sea with my Veſſel, and not daring to return, ſteer'd my Courſe for *Turkey*; telling the Slaves, if they would conſent to ſet me and my Treaſure, which I had brought on board, ſafe on the Coaſt of *Turkey*, I would deliver the Ship into their hands, to go where they pleas'd, which they willingly conſented to.

So ſoon as I came aſhore at *Gallipoli*, I went to the Baſſa of that Place, declaring myſelf a *Turk*, and offering to diſcover great Secrets to the Grand Viſier of the Deſigns of the Chriſtian Princes. I was circumcis'd, and treated ſplendidly, ſent with great Attendance to *Conſtantinople*, and there ſo ingratiated myſelf with the Grand Viſier, that I was ſoon entruſted with the Command of a Ship againſt the *Venetians*. There, with the Fleet, I did all the Miſchief I was able, enter'd and plunder'd the Churches, deflower'd noble Virgins, and return'd much commended, and highly ly pleas'd; neither did I fail of Reward, being permitted to take what I pleas'd of the Plunder.

I had now a Palace of my own, a Penſion, and Seraglio of Women, and liv'd in the Enjoyment of all earthly Delights; but God, who had till now ſuffer'd me to go on and continue inſenſible, awak'd my Conſcience, and I felt ſuch bitter Remorſe in my Soul, that I could take no Reſt or Pleaſure. All thoſe things, that I before took delight in, were now hateful to me; after long Debates in my own Thoughts, I reſolv'd upon what to do: to *Spain* I could not return, Juſtice would meet me there; Shame and Guilt forbad me to fly to any Chriſtian Country, here my Conſcience would not let me ſtay: I determin'd therefore to leave all my Fortune, Houſe, and Family, and to retire to ſome lonely Place, where I might ſpend my Days and Nights in Solitude and Prayer; where I might, with Penitence, Tears, Faſting, and Prayers, reconcile myſelf to my offended

God. I had a truſty Slave, nam'd *Ibrahim*, who I acquainted with my Deſign of retiring; he found this Wood, and contriv'd the Cave you here do find me in; and one Evening he brought me hither, with what Wealth you here will find, which I reſerv'd to provide for me, if I ſhould live to weak Old Age. Once in five days he comes to me, for I have given him his Freedom, and enough to live at eaſe; my Fortune and Command a Favourite *Turk* enjoys. This Servant brings me Food, ſuch as will keep; Bread, Cordials, and Dry'd-Fruits, for Fleſh I never taſte, nor Wine. 'Tis now a Month ſince he was here, by which I gueſs him ſick or dead. It is now ten days ſince I was ſeiz'd with a Fever and Ague; I find myſelf ſo weak, that I am apprehenſive I ſhall die: I therefore write this, that if any Chriſtian finds me here, he may be warn'd of ſinning, as I have done, and may be enabled, by the Wealth herewith to procure a happier Condition for himſelf, than I can ever hope for in this World.

Chriſtian, remember you muſt
one Day die,
And unto Judgment come as well
as I.

CHAP. XII.

FATHER *Francis* read this Paper with great Concern, and, taking the Cabinet, left the diſmal Place, not doubting but his Purſuers were gone, and the Coaſt clear; in which he was not deceiv'd: for they having ſought for him ſome time in vain, deſiſted, and purſu'd their Journey to *Conſtantinople.* He got ſafe to the Cottage, but was much ſurpriz'd to find *Ardeliſa* and her Servants gone: one while he imagin'd they were diſcover'd and ſeiz'd; but, upon ſecond Thoughts, that ſeem'd very improbable. Then he began to think they were gone for *Conſtantinople*; he paſs'd that Day in much Anxiety, and ſat muſing all Night. At laſt he reſolv'd to go for *Conſtantinople*, to the Conſul's, where he thought, if any where, he ſhould hear of them.

Accordingly, early in the morning, he ſet out, carrying with him the Cabinet he found in the *Spaniard*'s Cave, and arriv'd ſafely at the Conſul's Houſe; where, having related the Cauſe of his Coming, and Name, he was kindly receiv'd: but neither the Conſul, nor his Servants, could tell what was become of *Ardeliſa*, *Nannetta*, or the Boy. *Domingo* and the Servants, with the Horſe-litter, were return'd from *Domez-Dure*, having waited there till they were weary; *Domingo* having firſt gone back to the Cottage, and not found them, 'We 'conclude, *ſaid he*, that ſome Miſ-'fortune has befallen them going 'from the Wood; but what, we are 'yet to learn.'

The Prieſt entertain'd the Conſul and his Lady with an Account of all the tragical Paſſages of his Life: They ſpent the Evening much pleas'd with his Converſation; but remembring how fatigu'd he muſt needs be with his Journey, they broke off the Converſation, and the Conſul waited on him to his Chamber, begging him to accept of ſome Linen and Habit ſuiting his Birth, and more commodious, which he modeſtly receiv'd, with the moſt handſome Acknowledgments: after which the Conſul retir'd, leaving him to his Devotions.

And now, left alone, he ſat down and reflected on the Goodneſs of God, which had at laſt deliver'd him from a Life of Miſery, attended with continual Fears from Cold and Hunger, and had brought him ſafe to Chriſtian Converſation, Plenty, and a Retreat, where he might ſleep ſecurely. After returning the due Thanks, he ſhifted, and enter'd a Bed eaſy and ſweet, a Comfort his tir'd Limbs had long been Strangers to; he wiſh'd for nothing now ſo much as for *Ardeliſa*, and the faithful Maid and Boy: ‘ Now my ‘ God, *ſaid he*, ſhow yet more the ‘ Wonders of thy Mercy, in pre‘ſerving them, if living.’ After that he fell into a profound Sleep, ſweet as the Peace of his good Conſcience.

About Midnight he, and all the Family, were wak’d by ſome Perſons knocking at the Gate, in a manner that ſpoke the utmoſt Haſte or Fury; they all left their Beds, and one of the Servants call’d to know who was there. *Joſeph* anſwer’d, ‘ It is I, open the Gate quickly, I ‘ am *Joſeph*.’ At theſe words the Servant unbarr’d the Gate, and ſaw *Ardeliſa*, *Violetta*, *Nannetta*, and *Joſeph*: ſhutting the Gate, they went in, where they were receiv’d with a Joy words can’t expreſs. *Ardeliſa ſaid*, ‘ Ask no Queſtions, but ‘ put out the Lights, for we have ‘ left the Place we were confin’d in ‘ all in Flames; and ſhould any ‘ Noiſe be heard in this Houſe, when ‘ the City is alarm’d, it might ren‘der us ſuſpected; whereas now ‘ they will conclude us burn’d, and

‘ that will prevent all Reports of our ‘ eſcaping,’

The Conſul conſented, and *Violetta* was, with *Ardeliſa*, conducted to a Chamber; and the Conſul, his Lady, and Father *Francis* deny’d themſelves the pleaſure of knowing their Adventures till the morning. All the Family went to Bed, but not to ſleep; that was impoſſible for the great Noiſe in the Streets, which was occaſion’d by the Fire: for the City of *Conſtantinople* has been ſo many times almoſt deſtroy’d by that mercileſs Element, that the People are very much alarm’d with any thing of that nature. *Oſmin*’s Palace was large and noble, and flam’d dreadfully in the Garden; and the Seraglio being fired at the ſame time by *Ardeliſa*, who left it burning, their Departure put the Servants in ſuch Diſtraction, that they ran through the Streets, crying, *Fire! Fire!* It rais’d almoſt all the City, the Conſul and his Family were early up, and then *Ardeliſa* gave them a full

Relation of all that had befallen her ſince her Departure from the Wood, with an account of all her Friend *Violetta*'s Misfortunes, whoſe Beauty and Wiſdom charm'd all the Company.

A general Joy now ſpread itſelf thro all the Family, and Providence ſeem'd to ſmile; the Ladies, Prieſt, *Nannetta*, and *Joſeph*, ſtir'd not forth; and in a few days a *French* Ship being freighted, was ready to ſail for *France*. The Conſul waited on the *French* Ambaſſador, to inform him of all, and obtain'd of him to aſſiſt him, in procuring for them a ſafe Paſſage home. In the Conſul's Boat, accompany'd with the Conſul and his Lady, the two Ladies, in Mens Habits, with the Prieſt, Maid, and Boy, got ſafe to the Ship, with the Jewels, Gold, and Habits they carry'd with them; and there the Conſul and his Lady took leave of them, with all Demonſtrations of Love and Reſpect on both ſides. This Ship was called the *St. Francis*, the Captain's Name was Monſieur *de Feuillade*, a fine accompliſh'd Gentleman, young, brave, and of a noble ſweet Diſpoſition. The Ladies, ſo ſoon as the Ship was under Sail, laid aſide their Mens Habits, and put on ſuch as became their Sex and Quality; in which they appear'd ſo charming, that the unfortunate Captain ſoon gaz'd away his Liberty, becoming paſſionately in love with *Violetta*. He entertain'd them with ſuch Civility and Reſpect, as ſhow'd the Eſteem he had for them, and ſpoke the Gentleman and the Lover.

They ſet Sail the 20th of *Auguſt*, 1705. it being more than three Years ſince *Ardeliſa* came to *Turkey*, ſix Months of which time ſhe ſpent in the melancholy Cottage in the Wood, and near a whole Year ſince ſhe ſaw her Lord; and now ſhe doubted not of ſoon ſeeing again her dear native Country, Friends, and Relations; but, above all things, him whom ſhe preferr'd to all things. They paſs'd the time the moſt agreeably that was poſſible, in which the good Father ſhar'd, who was ſo pious, uſeful, and modeſt, that not only they, but all the Sailors thought themſelves happy in having ſuch a Man with them: He was Phyſician to the Sick, having great Skill in Phyſick and Surgery, and could apply fit Remedies to both Soul and Body. *Violetta* only ſeem'd melancholy: the loſs of her Honour, and the diſmal Impreſſion the way of Life ſhe had led with *Oſmin* had made in her Soul, no Change of Condition could perfectly efface; ſhe thought only of retiring to a religious Houſe, to weep for a Sin, of which ſhe was in reality altogether innocent. The good Prieſt obſerv'd her Sadneſs, and one Day took an Opportunity, when *Ardeliſa* was gone with the Captain and *Nannetta*, to take the Air upon the Deck, to ſpeak to her, in this manner: 'Madam, why do you abandon yourſelf thus to Grief, at a time 'when you are returning to Chriſtians, and your own Country; to 'your noble Father, Mother, and

‘ Friends: Your Soul ſhould now ‘ be raviſh’d in Admiration of that ‘ Providence, that has ſo unexpectedly deliver’d you from the moſt ‘ unhappy Condition a Lady could ‘ be in.’

She lifted up her Eyes at theſe words, and wiping the falling Tears away, ſaid, ‘ Father, till I ſaw *Ardeliſa*, I found my Conſcience undiſturb’d, I ſubmitted to the fatal ‘ neceſſity of my Circumſtances; ‘ and Chriſtianity forbidding me to ‘ finiſh Life by my own Hand, I ‘ thought I had done all that was ‘ requir’d. But that noble Lady’s ‘ heroick Conduct has convinc’d me, ‘ I did not what I ought: She never ‘ would have permitted a luſtful ‘ *Turk* to poſſeſs her, but, by his ‘ Death would have preſerv’d her ‘ Honour; or, reſiſting to Death, ‘ not have ſurviv’d it. I am no longer friends with myſelf, and long ‘ to hide my Face in a Convent, ‘ where Tears ſhall waſh away the ‘ Stains of his Embraces: Nay, Father, to you I confeſs, I even loved ‘him, ſaw him with a Wife's Eyes, ‘and thought myſelf oblig'd to do ‘ſo.’

The Prieſt anſwer'd, ‘Madam, ‘you are deceiv'd: in *Ardeliſa*, ‘who was marry'd to another, it ‘would have been a horrid Crime ‘to ſuffer another Man for to poſ- ‘ſeſs her; but as you were ſingle, a ‘Virgin, and made his by the ‘Chance of War, it was no Sin in ‘you to yield to him, and it would ‘have been wilful Murder to have ‘kill'd him, or but conſpir'd his ‘Death: nay, a Sin not to have ‘been faithful to his Bed, whilſt he ‘is living you ought not to marry, ‘you might have been a means of ‘his Converſion; you ought to pray ‘for him, and conſider he acted ac- ‘cording to his Knowledge and Edu- ‘cation.’ *Violetta* thank'd him, and ſeem'd much reviv'd.

CHAP. XIII.

THEY had now ſailed ſix Days, when the ſeventh Night it grew dark and tempeſtuous; the Wind chang'd, and about Midnight a Storm aroſe ſo dreadful, the Pilot could no longer ſteer the Ship; ſo that ſhe drove they knew not whither. At break of day they found themſelves amongſt the *Ægean Iſles*; the Ship had loſt all her Maſts, they had but thirteen hands aboard, when the Carpenter going down into the Hold, came back with a Face that expreſs'd the Terrors of his Mind; he cry'd, 'Hoiſt 'out the Boats quickly, there is five 'Foot Water in the Hold.' At theſe words a Death-like Paleneſs ſpread o'er every Face; the Captain, Ladies, Prieſt, *Nannetta*, *Joſeph*, and five Sailors enter'd the firſt Boat, taking with them their Gold, Jewels, ſome Trunks of Clothes, Biſcuit, a

Veſſel of Wine, and ſome Quilts, Bedding, and Salt-Meat, what they could poſſibly put in without endangering the Boat's ſinking; and then they made away for the Iſland which was neareſt, on which they landed ſafely; but had the Misfortune to ſee the other Boat ſink, which the greedy Sailors had too deeply loaded. The Ship floated a little while, and then diſappear'd, being ſwallow'd up by the mercileſs Waves. And now, being on Shore, they were deſirous to know where they were; which they ſoon diſcover'd to be on the Iſland *Delos*, which lies in the *Archipelago*, the largeſt of the *Cyclades*, once famous for the Temple of *Apollo*, but now entirely abandon'd by the *Turks*, and deſolate of all Inhabitants. Here they muſt remain, till ſome Diſcovery could be made of a better Place to remove to, which they propos'd to do by means of their Boat; in which, next to Providence, they plac'd all their Hopes. They haſted to bring all aſhore, the Tempeſt continuing, and drew the Boat on land. And now Neceſſity taught them what to do in a Place, where there was neither Houſe nor Market. Going up a little way from the Shore, they found two or three ruinous Huts, which they enter'd as joyfully as if they had been Palaces. In one of theſe the two Ladies went, with *Nannetta*, the Captain ordering a Quilt and ſome Coverlids, the beſt they had ſav'd, to be put into it; as likewiſe *Ardeliſa*'s Trunk, in which was the Clothes and Treaſure belonging to the Ladies. Into another Hut the Prieſt, *Joſeph*, and he enter'd; there he plac'd the Wine, Biſcuit, and Meat, knowing he muſt now husband that, leſt they ſhould want before they could be ſupply'd with more.

And now having order'd all things the beſt that was poſſible in ſo unhappy a Place and Circumſtance, the Captain and Prieſt went to the Ladies, whom they found much dejected, and out of order. They ſaid all they could to comfort them, deſiring them to eat ſomething; *Joſeph* brought them Meat and Wine, and the Sailors gather'd Leaves and Sticks, and made Fires in the Huts, being handy, and us'd to ſhift. The Captain order'd them alſo ſome Meat and Wine, which they eat as chearfully as if nothing had happen'd. And now the good Father, ſeeing the Ladies ſad, addreſs'd himſelf thus to *Ardeliſa*: 'Madam, ever 'ſince I have had the Honour to 'know you, I have obſerv'd ſome'thing ſo Noble and Chriſtian in all 'your Deportment, that I believ'd 'you incapable of Fear or Ingrati'tude to God, who this day has 'given you a ſignal Deliverance 'from Death. It is not many hours 'ago ſince we expected to be 'ſwallow'd up in the Deep, and 'thought Death ſtared us in the 'Face; but now the Divine Power 'has brought us to firm Land, and 'to a Place where, if we are alone, 'and have no Inhabitants to com'fort or relieve us, we have no Ene'mies to fear, no inhuman *Turks* to 'murder or enſlave us; we may 'here ſleep in Security. And as 'for Food, Providence, that provides for the wild Beaſts and Birds, 'will doubtleſs provide for us; in 'us, who have had ſuch uncommon 'and extraordinary Proofs of his 'Favour, it would be an unpardonable Sin to diſtruſt him now. 'ſummon up then your Faith and 'Reaſon to aid you, and be not caſt 'down.' Theſe words ſeem'd as Cordials to them all; they eat thankfully what was ſet before them, and the Captain, Prieſt, and Boy returning to their Hut, the Sailors to theirs, they ſlept as ſweetly as if they had lain in Palaces on Beds of Down.

CHAP. XIV.

THE next Morning, the Sky being clear'd up, and the Winds ceas'd, the chearful Sun began to ſhine; the Captain, Prieſt, and Sailors walk'd out of their Huts, to view the Shore and Country: they ſaw many Sea-Birds upon it, and Plenty of Ruins, with ſome Goats and Swine, which they ſuppos'd caſt there by ſome Shipwreck; but ſo wild, that they fled away as ſoon as any body came in ſight of them. At laſt the Captain thought it beſt to ſend three of the Sailors out in the Boat, to diſcover if any Place could be found near that more convenient to remove to, or buy Proviſions at, till ſome Chriſtian Ship arriv'd to take them in; which, it was probable, would not be long, becauſe this Iſland affords Plenty of good Water, and is ſafe for Chriſtians to air Goods on, or mend their Veſſels. The Boat was accordingly got out, and the Sailors enter'd it, the Captain charging them not to venture far from that Iſland; but they were either taken, or drown'd, for they never return'd again with the Boat. For ſome days they liv'd on what Proviſions they had brought with them, and the two Sailors and *Joſeph* walking daily up and down the Iſland, which is many miles in Circumference, gather'd up Plenty of Eggs, which the Sea-Fowl laid there, and now and then ſome ſmall Fiſhes, which they catch'd in ſome little Brooks, which are in the Iſland.

But now the Biſcuit was ſpent, and Bread wanting, they began to deſpair of the Boat's Return, which they had every day expected till now. The Ladies, unus'd to ſuch Hardſhips, fell both ſick. The good Father ſearch'd every where for Herbs medicinal to relieve them; but, alas! ſo many things were wanting, that they were ineffectual. How could Cordials and Reſtoratives be had, when neither Wine or Spirits could be made? The Captain, whoſe Concern for *Violetta* equall'd the Paſſion he had for her, deny'd himſelf what was requiſite to ſupport his own Life, for fear of her wanting; whilſt the poor Ladies, whom Sickneſs and Want had render'd unable to walk, were watch'd by *Nannetta*, who was almoſt as feeble as they. The Prieſt, Captain, and Sailors did nothing but wander about in ſearch of Food: they had brought two Muſquets, and ſome Powder aſhore with them; but that being ſpent, the Guns were uſeleſs. They now contriv'd Pitfalls and Snares, which they made with Twigs plucked from ſmall Trees and Buſhes, which were very plenty by the Seaſide; and with theſe they had pretty good Succeſs, catching Sea-Fowls, and ſometimes Rabbits. Theſe they brought home, dreſs'd, and divided, giving firſt to the Ladies: But, alas! what could this do to ſuſtain the Lives of eight Perſons; Water was all they had to drink.

One Evening the Boy catch'd a young Goat, and, unable to carry it, ty'd a String about its Neck, and led it home. The Dam, with another Twin-Kid, follow'd, hearing it bleat. This young Goat being brought to the Hut belonging to the Captain, and ty'd there, drew the other two to follow her in, and ſo they were taken. One of the young ones they immediately kill'd, and feaſted upon; the Dam they preſerv'd for her Milk, and the other Kid as a Treaſure, when they could get no other Food. With the Milk of this Goat the Ladies Lives were in a manner wholly preſerv'd, the Boy feeding her and the Kid with what he could get of Greens, of which there was no want. And now they all grew ſo weak for want of Food, that they were ſcarce able ſo much as to ſeek for it; Silence ſeem'd almoſt to reign amongſt them, every one being unwilling to ſpeak his Deſpair to his Friend; their hollow Eyes were continually directed to the Sea, from whence they only hoped Relief; nothing but the Arrival of ſome Chriſtian Ship could ſave them from periſhing.

The Prieſt, on this Occaſion, ſhow'd himſelf more than Man; he encourag'd every body elſe, and ſeem'd chearful himſelf: and tho he eat leſs than they, yet ſeem'd always ſatisfy'd; tho his meager Face and Leanneſs ſhow'd his Decay, yet his Tongue utter'd no Complaint: 'Come, my Children, *ſays he*, Mortality is ſubject to Misfortunes, the 'way to Heaven is difficult, but the 'End glorious; there we ſhall want 'nothing: The Almighty's Ears 'are always open to our Com'plaints; truſt him, in his own 'time he will deliver us, or take 'us to eternal Reſt.' With theſe, and ſuch like Diſcourſes, he comforted them daily.

CHAP. XV.

ONE Night, as they were retir'd to Reſt, (for indeed ſleep they could not, or at leaſt but little, want of Food having made them almoſt Strangers to thoſe ſweet Slumbers, which are produc'd by good Meat, or wholeſome Nouriſhment) they heard a mighty Storm, the Winds blew, as if Nature were in Convulſions, and the Elements at ſtrife; then Guns went off, by which they gueſs'd ſome Ship was near, and in Diſtreſs. So ſoon as the Day-break, the Boy and Sailors ventur'd out to ſee what they could diſcover; and there ſaw the diſmal Remains of a Shipwreck upon the Shore, by the Carcaſes of ſeveral drowned Men, huge Coffers floated on the Waters, and ſome lay upon the Shore. The Seamen and Boy got what they were able, and found ſome Casks of Salt-Beef, Biſcuit, Rum, and Bails of *India* Goods, which ſhow'd it was ſome *Eaſt-India* Ship that was loſt; they hoped to find ſome of the Sailors, but none were ſav'd alive on that Place: by thoſe that lay dead, they gueſs'd them *Venetians*.

By this time Father *Francis* and the Captain came to them, and gave them their Aſſiſtance; and now getting home to their Huts what they had got, a new Life ſeem'd to appear in them. Thus the Ruin of others procur'd their Preſervation, as is frequent in this World; and one of the Veſſels of Rum being broach'd, and each taking a Dram, with a Biſcuit, they reſolv'd to return to work, and ſearch all the Shore, the Sea now ebbing, to ſee if they could get more, eſpecially Food, for Treaſure was to them uſeleſs. That Gold, that cauſes ſo much Miſchief in the World, for which Men ſell their Souls, and change their Faiths, was here leſs valuable than a Cruſt of Bread. They ſucceeded ſo well, that in five hours they had five Barrels of Beef and Pork, ſeven of Biſcuit, three of Rum, one of Brandy, five of Wine, and many rich Goods and Cheſts of Clothes. Thus Providence, to preſerve them, caus'd the Winds and Seas to bring them Food and Raiment. They likewiſe gather'd up many Pieces of the Ship, Planks, Ropes, broken Maſts, Sail-Cloth, *&c.* and now they began to think of making a Habitation for all the Family to dwell together, and nothing but a Boat was wanting to make them happy. They in few days accompliſh'd their Deſign of a Houſe; for they made a large Tent, with the Sail-Cloth on Poles, with Partitions, ſo that it reach'd from one Hut to the other. Here the Ladies could be brought, and ſeated, to take a little Air, and to eat: They had likewiſe ſaved ſome Barrels of Powder and Shot, which was of great uſe to them; for the Men ſoon got ſtrength enough to walk again about the Iſland, and ſhot Wild-Hogs and Fowl frequently. Thus they lived for two Months.

CHAP. XVI.

ONE Evening *Joſeph* return'd from Shooting, and told them, 'at the farther end of the Iſland 'he ſaw a Ship lie at an Anchor, at 'ſome diſtance from a Creek, into 'which he ſaw a Boat put. The 'Men came aſhore, and about ſix 'of them left the Boat, and walk'd 'up the Land towards a Brook, as 'he ſuppos'd, for Water; and on 'the Ship's Stern he could diſcern a 'Red Croſs, and thence concluded 'they were Chriſtians.' This News made them long for the next morning, when the Captain, Prieſt, and Boy ſet out by Day-break, and went to the Place, which they reach'd in three hours time, ſo much had Hope ſtrengthen'd them; and there found the Shore full of Seamen, and a Tent ſet up, in which they ſuppos'd the Captain and Paſſengers were. The Prieſt went up to the firſt Man he found near enough to ſpeak to, and ask'd him, 'Whence 'they were?' The Man anſwer'd, 'From *Venice.*' 'What is your 'Captain's Name,' *ſaid the Father*; 'Don *Manuel, anſwer'd the Sea-'man*, and the Ship is a Man of War 'called the *St. Mark.*' 'Now, 'Friend, *ſaid the Prieſt*, where are 'you bound?' 'Home, Sir, *he re-'ply'd.*' 'Pray bring me and my 'Friend to the Captain, *ſaid the 'Prieſt*; we are Chriſtians caſt on 'this Iſland, and beg to ſpeak to 'him.' 'Speak and welcome, Gen-'tlemen, *ſaid the Man*, my Cap-'tain's a noble *Venetian*, and will 'treat you generouſly; a worthier 'Man ne'er ſailed the Seas.'

They follow'd him to the Tent, and were receiv'd with ſuch Humanity as ſurpriz'd them; but diſcourſing the Captain, to whom they related part of their Misfortunes, they diſcover'd it was *Violetta*'s Father they were talking with. Then the *French* Captain, looking on the good Father, ſaid to the Captain, ' Sir, did you not loſe a ' Daughter in the laſt dreadful War ' with the *Turks*? a Lady the moſt ' lovely of her Sex, call'd *Violetta*.' ' Yes, *anſwer'd Don* Manuel, I did; ' but why do you mention that?' ' She's here, my Lord, *ſaid he*, and ' in my Care.'

Then the good Father and he related all the manner of her Eſcape: what Joy and Satisfaction this News was to Don *Manuel*, the Mind can much better conceive, than words expreſs; they din'd with him, and, after a noble Treat, he agreed to go along with them, ordering the Ship to be brought round. In walking with them, he told them, ' That as ' he was at Sea with his Ship, with ' three other Men of War in Company, going to meet ſome *Vene-*

'*tian* Merchant-Ships, that they 'expected from the *Eaſt-Indies*, 'which they were order'd to convoy home; the Storm happen'd, 'which had ſhipwreck'd one of thoſe 'Ships, as he was ſince inform'd. 'This Tempeſt parted the Men of 'War, and drove him out to Sea, 'ſo that he was in great want of 'freſh Water; for which reaſon he 'put in here.'

They entertain'd him with *Ardeliſa*'s whole Hiſtory, and ſo they paſs'd the time, till they reach'd their Tarpaulin Palace; into which being enter'd, they found the two Ladies: But when *Violetta* ſaw herſelf embrac'd by her Father, Joy ſo overcame her, that ſhe fainted in his Arms; and, recovering, was congratulated by the whole Company. And now the Ladies and Servants ſeem'd ſo reviv'd, that all Sorrow was forgotten; Supper was brought in, and nothing ſpar'd of the Proviſions that yet remain'd, which before they us'd to divide with care, for fear of wanting. As they were at Supper, the firſt Lieutenant of the Ship was brought in, to inform Don *Manuel*, that the Ship was come to an Anchor near that Place. Soon after him came ſeveral young Gentlemen to compliment their Commander, on account of *Violetta*: this Company paſt ſome hours very agreeably, admiring the ſtrange Accidents that had befallen them, and particularly their meeting in this Place. Don *Manuel*, and thoſe belonging to him, return'd to the Ship; and next morning, returning to Shore, paſs'd the Day with his Daughter and Friends, bringing rich Wines and Sweetmeats to regale them. The Seamen haſted to water the Ship, and to get all things on board belonging to *Ardeliſa*, and her Family, which they perform'd in five days; and then the Ladies, *French* Captain, Father *Francis*, *Nannetta*, *Joſeph*, and the two Sailors went aboard the *Venetian* Ship, leaving the deſolate Iſland, and their Huts, with many things which they thought not worth taking away, which might neverthleſs be of great uſe to any others, who ſhould have the ſame Occaſion for them. *Ardeliſa* deſir'd the Goat and Kid might be brought aboard, which ſhe loved much, becauſe its Milk had preſerv'd hers and *Violetta*'s Life; and therefore ſhe reſolv'd to carry it to *France* with her: So it was brought in the Boat, being grown ſo tame, it would follow *Joſeph* like a Dog.

They ſet Sail for *Venice* the 2d of *February*, $171\frac{5}{6}$. having lived on the Iſland from the 29th of *Auguſt* to that time, which was five Months and four Days; and they arriv'd ſafe at *Venice* in fourteen Days, where the Ladies were conducted to Don *Manuel*'s Houſe, accompany'd by the *French* Captain, the Prieſt, and their Servants; and there Donna *Catherina* receiv'd her Daughter with the greateſt Tranſports imaginable, weeping for Joy, the young Lady doing the ſame; a Sight ſo moving, it touch'd all the Company. Here *Ardeliſa* and the reſt were entertain'd magnificently, and not only invited, but even conſtrain'd, to continue till a *French* Ship arriv'd to carry them to *France*.

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CHAP. XVII.

ARdeliſa was treated by all Don *Manuel*'s Relations, and ſhowed all that was worthy Obſervation in that noble City, whoſe Situation alone renders it a Wonder. The *French* Captain, Monſ. *de Feuillade*, was the only Perſon who was not here diverted: He thought only of the approaching Separation that was to be made between him and *Violetta*, to whom he had given a thouſand Teſtimonies of his Paſſion, but never made any plain Declaration of Love, which he was withheld from doing, by theſe Conſiderations: Firſt, He was not the eldeſt Son of that noble Family to which he belong'd, being ſecond Brother to the Count *de Feuillade*, who now enjoy'd the Title and Eſtate. He had indeed great Expectations from the Marquiſs *de Rochmount* his Uncle, who was his Godfather, and had no Heir, and was very antient; but then he reflected that *Violetta* was a Lady of the niceſt Vertue, and would, perhaps, ſcruple to marry, whilſt the Infidel, who had been happy in the enjoying of her, lived. Theſe Thoughts had till now kept him ſilent; but his Paſſion was too great to ſuffer him to part from her, without declaring his Love: He reſolv'd therefore to take the firſt Opportunity to reveal it to her, which was difficult, by reaſon of the abundance of Company that viſited at Don *Manuel*'s, and frequent Diverſions, to which the Ladies were invited abroad.

One Morning he roſe very early, and went into the Gardens to walk, being melancholy. After ſome time he enter'd a Banquetting-Houſe, where he ſat down, and was in a profound Meditation, when he heard a Ruſtling behind the Quickſet-Hedges; and, lifting up his Eyes, ſaw *Violetta* alone, very penſive. She paſs'd by, and went up a ſmall Mount, upon which there ſtood a Summer-Houſe, which for Proſpect, and the Painting it was embelliſh'd withal, equall'd, if not excell'd, any in *Venice*. Into this ſhe enter'd, and ſat down; he immediately follow'd her thither, and there threw himſelf upon his Knees before her, ſaying, 'Charming Divine *Violet-* '*ta!* ſee here a Man who adores 'you, who has loved you from the 'firſt moment he ſaw you; and yet, 'thro' Reſpect, continu'd ſilent, 'and would not importune you whilſt 'you were unfortunate. You are 'now rerurn'd home, and ſecur'd 'from all future Miſchiefs; and I, 'the moſt unhappy of all Men, 'muſt, e'er long, leave you; the 'Thoughts of this Separation are 'inſupportable. Tell me, Divine 'Creature! may I hope that you 'are not wholly inſenſible of my 'Services? and that you will ſometimes remember me with Compaſſion? I am going to my native 'Country, to a Place where my 'Friends and Fortune are; but I 'would much rather ſtay here and 'die at your Feet, and could wiſh I 'had not one moment ſurviv'd our 'Deliverance from the deſolate Iſland, ſince it is the means of depriving me of your Sight. Oh! 'ſpeak! Is your Soul inſenſible to 'Love? May I not hope?'

Violetta, much diſorder'd, ſeem'd to ruminate before ſhe ſpake; and, at length reply'd, 'Sir, I am neither 'inſenſible, nor ungrateful; your Affection has been ſo eaſy to be diſcover'd in all the kind and generous things you did for me in my Diſtreſs, that it would be baſe in 'me not to acknowledge, That 'I believe your Paſſion ſincere 'and noble; and the grateful 'Senſe I have of it is ſuch, that I 'will not diſſemble with you: Were 'not my Circumſtances what they 'are, I would ſooner conſent to be 'yours, than any Man's living.'

At theſe words he kiſs'd her Hand with the greateſt Tranſport, ſaying, 'Madam, proceed no far'ther, let this charming Sentence 'live for ever in my Thoughts, no 'Circumſtance remains to bar me 'from being happy; do you but 'bid me live, I ſhall ſurmount all 'Obſtacles: Your noble Father will 'find nothing in my Birth, or For'tune to render me unworthy ſuch an 'Honour. You are not pre-ingag'd, 'the Villain, who poſſeſs'd that love'ly Perſon, had no Title to it but 'lawleſs Force; he neither was a 'Chriſtian nor a Husband; he us'd 'you as his Slave, and, doubtleſs, 'would, whene'er his brutiſh Luſt 'inclin'd him to a Change, have be-

'ſtow'd you on ſome Favourite-Slave, 'to uſe or poiſon you.'

Violetta anſwer'd, with a Flood of Tears, 'Yet while this Villain 'lives, Honour forbids me to be 'yours: 'Tis true, he forc'd me to 'his Bed, but 'twas the Cuſtom of 'his Nation, and what he thought 'no Crime, yet he was tender of 'me; and whilſt he lives, my Modeſty cannot permit me to receive 'another in my Bed.' But if he's 'dead, Madam, *the Lover cry'd*, 'then will you give Conſent to make 'me bleſs'd; for doubtleſs he is 'long ſince ſo, the *Turkiſh* Emperors never failing to ſend the Bowſtring to the Man with whom they 'are once diſpleas'd. 'Twill not be 'many days before ſome Veſſel will 'arrive from *Turkey*, and then you'll 'be inform'd of all that's happen'd, 'ſince we left it; till then permit me 'to declare myſelf to your Father, 'and to hope.'

Violetta riſing, to put an end to the Diſcourſe, anſwer'd only, 'Im-

'portune me no farther.' He ſaid no more, but taking her Hand, conducted her to the Houſe, and return'd to the Summer-houſe, where, for ſome moments, he reflected, with much pleaſure, on what had paſs'd between them. By this time Don *Manuel* roſe, and came into the Garden, with Father *Francis*, who was the Favourite of the whole Family. The Captain join'd them, and, after ſome other Diſcourſe, thinking it a lucky Opportunity, diſcover'd to Don *Manuel*, in a manner the moſt reſpectful and gallant that was poſſible, the Paſſion he had for *Violetta*; in which the good Prieſt ſeconded him, giving him and his Family (whom he perfectly knew) ſuch a Character, that Don *Manuel* receiv'd the Offer very obligingly; telling the Captain, 'If 'his Daughter was conſenting, he 'ſhould not contradict her Inclina'tions.' After this Monſieur *la Feuillade* took the freedom of a Lover, often to dance, walk, and accompany

company *Violetta* abroad; and all her Relations treated him as a Perſon they eſteem'd Don *Manuel*'s Son.

CHAP. XVIII.

IT was not long before a *Venetian* Ship arriv'd; the Captain of which brought an Account of many extraordinary Events that had happen'd at *Conſtantinople* ſince their Departure. He ſaid, 'That 'three days after *Oſmin*'s Palace was 'burnt, he, having receiv'd the 'News of it, fell ſick, and refus'd 'to eat, continuing ſilent. He faſt'ed three days, and the fourth was 'found dead in his Chains, as he 'lay on the Floor. His Body, *ſaid* '*he*, I ſaw dragg'd, by the Sultan's 'Order, about the Streets, which 'his Servants afterwards were ſuf'fer'd to take and bury. Some 'days after the Grand Viſier return'ing

‘ ing from the Army, and being re‘ ceiv'd coldly by the Sultan, grew ‘ incens'd againſt him ; and, fearing ‘ *Oſmin*'s Fate, form'd a Conſpira‘ cy, and depos'd the Sultan, ſet‘ ting up *Mahomet*, his younger ‘ Brother, on the Throne.’ Then he told them, ‘ That Monſieur *Joy*‘ *euxe*, and his Family were return'd ‘ to *France*.’

The News of *Oſmin*'s Death gave Monſieur *la Feuillade* much Satiſfaction ; but *Violetta* would not be prevailed upon to marry him ſoon. At length ſhe promis'd, if he would conſent to let her retire for ſix Months into a Convent, after that ſhe would comply with his Deſires. Theſe were hard Terms, but he was forc'd to yield to them, on condition he might viſit her there. She however yielded to ſtay at her Father's, till *Ardeliſa* went away ; and the Lover vow'd the ſix Months ſhould begin from the Day ſhe receiv'd the News of *Oſmin*'s Death.

As for *Ardeliſa*, tho entertain'd and diverted ſo highly, ſhe thought each Day a Year till ſhe ſaw her dear Lord again; and, according to her Wiſh, a *French* Ship arriv'd: which News being brought to her, Monſieur *la Feuillade* and the Prieſt went aboard; and there ſeeing the Captain, knew him to be Monſieur *de Fountain*, Monſieur *Feuillade*'s Couſin, who was as much, or more, ſurpriz'd at the ſight of them. He embrac'd them, ſaying, 'Heavens! did I ever think 'to ſee either of you again? Father '*Francis!* what Angel has preſerv'd 'you alive till this joyful Day? 'You, Couſin, are thought dead, 'your Ship was reported to be caſt 'away; I have good News to tell 'you, your Uncle the Marquiſs is 'dead, and has left you all his 'Eſtate and Title; you are now 'Marquiſs of *Rochmount*.'

They went into the great Cabbin, where they drank a Bottle of Wine with the Captain, and then took him aſhore; telling him, they would bring him to a Lady, at the ſight of whom he would be yet much more ſurpriz'd. They ſoon arriv'd at Don *Manuel*'s, where they found *Ardeliſa* waiting their Return with Impatience; but when ſhe ſaw Captain *de Fountain*, ſhe was overjoy'd, knowing he came from the Place where her Lord (if living) was. He thought himſelf in a Dream; never was a more agreeable Meeting of Friends: when he aſſur'd her, 'The Lord '*Longueville* was in Health,' *Ardeliſa* ſhed Tears for Joy; but he told her withal, 'That he was re'tir'd into a Convent of *Franciſ*'*can* Friars, where, notwithſtand'ing his Friends Intreaties, he was 'determin'd to ſtay the reſt of his 'Life, if no News of her being yet 'alive arriv'd, by a Meſſenger 'whom he had ſent to *Turkey*, on 'purpoſe to get a particular Ac'count of that unfortunate Acci'dent, in which your Father, you,

‘ and all the Family, were ſuppos’d ‘ to be murder’d.’

Here *Ardeliſa* gave him an Account of all that had happen’d to her ſince that time; as likewiſe that the Conſul had ſent him Letters long ſince of her eſcaping in that dreadful Night. Monſieur *Fountain* anſwer’d, ‘ They queſtionleſs ‘ are come to his hands by this ‘ time, but it is ſix Months ſince I ‘ have been in *Picardy*.’ Then Father *Francis* looking on *Violetta*, who ſpoke not all this while, ſaid, ‘ Madam, we have News for you ‘ too, which will not be diſagreea-‘ble; Monſieur *de Feuillade* is this ‘ day able to make you Marchio-‘neſs of *Rochmount*:’ So Monſieur *de Fountain* inform’d her, That the Title and Eſtate of the old Marquiſs his Uncle was given to him. Upon which *Violetta*, looking gravely on her Lover, ſaid, ‘ My ‘ Lord, *Violetta* is not a Match for ‘ a Marquiſs, you will doubtleſs re-‘pent of a Love ſo ill placed.’

‘ Madam, *ſaid he*, were it poſſible ‘ for me to be angry with you, it ‘ would be now; no, had I the ‘ Empire of the World, I ſhould ‘ dedicate myſelf and that to your ‘ Service, and would refuſe it, if ‘ you were not to ſhare it with me.’ *Ardeliſa* ſmiled, ſaying, ‘ What ‘ you refuſe the Marquiſs, you muſt ‘ grant to me; deny me not the ‘ pleaſure of ſeeing you marry’d be‘ fore I leave *Venice*; the Friend‘ ſhip is ſuch between us, that, me‘ thinks, you ſhould not let me go ‘ to *France* alone; let us continue ‘ to ſhare one Fate, and end our ‘ Lives together; *France* is a Coun‘ try charming as your own.’ *Violetta* reply’d, ‘ Charming *Ardeli‘ ſa!* to whom I owe my Delive‘ rance from a Life worſe than ‘ Death, Heaven knows how dear I ‘ prize your Friendſhip and your ‘ Converſation; but can I leave my ‘ Parents? Did not Duty forbid ‘ me to conſent, my Heart is ſo 'much yours, I ſhould not be able 'to part with you.'

At theſe words Don *Manuel* enter'd the Room, to whom Father *Francis* told all the News. The Ship ſtaid here two Months to unlade, and take in Goods; at the end of which time, Captain *de Fountain* gave *Ardeliſa* notice to prepare for her Departure to *France*: and then ſhe ſo preſs'd *Violetta* to marry, that ſhe yielded; and, in fine, Don *Manuel* and his Lady conſented that ſhe ſhould accompany her Lord to *France*, where they promis'd to give them a Viſit the next Spring.

Don *Manuel* gave her a noble Fortune in Jewels and Bills, and was extremely ſatisfy'd with his Son-in-law; who was now poſſeſs'd of a Lady, whoſe Temper and Perſon was ſuch as made her a Portion of herſelf, and whoſe Fortune, being Don *Manuel*'s only Child, was ſo great, as might have deſerv'd as noble a Husband, if ſhe had wanted part of the Excellencies ſhe poſſeſs'd. This Wedding was ſplendid as their Quality, and when they went aboard the Ship for *France*, they were accompany'd by all Don *Manuel*'s Relations, by whom an Entertainment was provided ſuiting the Magnificence of his Temper.

We will omit the tender Expreſſions of Donna *Catherina* at parting with her Daughter, with all the Acknowledgments *Ardeliſa* made for the noble Entertainment ſhe had receiv'd, as likewiſe the good Prieſt, who was much eſteem'd by all. They all took leave of one another, and the Ship ſet Sail with a fair Wind, and arriv'd ſafe at *Calais*, *July* 1. 170$\frac{6}{7}$.

With what Tranſport did *Ardeliſa* ſee her native Land again! The good Father proſtrating himſelf upon the Shore, gave Thanks to God for his and their Safety. And now they conſulted how to go to their Homes: *Ardeliſa* reſolv'd, that her Arrival ſhould not be made publick preſently, having a Deſire firſt to make a Tryal of her Lord's Affection: So they determin'd to go firſt to the Marquiſs's Seat, which was about five miles ſhort of the Count *de Beauclair*'s, *Ardeliſa*'s Couſin, in whoſe hands the Count *de Vinevil* had entruſted his Eſtate: they therefore hiring a Poſt-Chaiſe for the Ladies, and Horſes for themſelve, *Nannetta* and *Joſeph* took the Road for *Rochmount*, where they ſoon arriv'd, with all the Treaſure, as Jewels, *&c.* the Ladies had ſaved, and *Violetta*'s Father and Mother had given her, taking the Goat with them. They found the old Steward and Servants in the Houſe; the Count *de Feuillade*, the Marquiſs's elder Brother, having delay'd to take poſſeſſion, or alter any thing, till he was ſatisfy'd his Brother was dead, to whom he was left Succeſſor in the Title and Fortune. But when the Servants ſaw their young Lord enter the Gate, they receiv'd him with ſuch Joy as cannot be expreſs'd. He thank'd them with much Tenderneſs, and, ſhowing *Violetta*, ſaid, 'Here I have 'brought you a Lady, who you will 'find yourſelves happy in ſerving.' All this while *Ardeliſa* kept her Hood over her Face, *Violetta* ſaying, 'Siſter, you are not well, you 'ſhall have a Bed got ready for you 'immediately.' The Servants flew to get all in order; the Marquiſs conducted his Lady and *Ardeliſa* to a noble Chamber, where he left *Nannetta* to undreſs them, being much tired with the Journey; and, leaving Order for Supper, went in a Coach, with Father *Francis*, to the Count his Brother.

CHAP. XIX.

THE News of the Marquiſs's Arrival ſpread ſo faſt, that, returning home, accompany'd with his Brother, he found the Court-Hall and Parlours full of Relations, Friends, and Tenants; and having careſs'd them all, he took only his Brother up Stairs to *Violetta*. Entering the Room, the Count knew *Ardeliſa* It is eaſy to imagine how entertaining this Converſation muſt be; ſhe gave him the Reaſon why ſhe would be private for that Night; which he was ſo well pleas'd with, that he agreed to take Father *Francis* home with him in the Coach that Night, and to go along with him to the Convent to the Lord *Longueville* the next Morning, as ſhe deſir'd: he much admir'd *Violetta*, his new Siſter. The Marquiſs was oblig'd to return to the Company below, and in ſome time moſt of the Viſiters took leave, good Manners obliging them to withdraw, becauſe it was near Night, and the Marquiſs come off a Journey Some of his neareſt Relations ſtay'd Supper, and ſo importun'd him for a ſight of his Lady, that he was forc'd to bring her down to Table.

This Opportunity *Ardeliſa* took, to ſend *Nannetta* for Father *Francis*, who, entering the Chamber, ſhe ſpake to after this manner : 'Father, 'the great Confidence I place in 'you, makes me deſire the Favour 'of you to go to my dear Lord ; 'after you have given him an Ac'count of my Deliverance, of which 'perhaps the Letters have already 'inform'd him, proceed to relate to 'him all that happen'd to me ſince, 'to the time of my being taken in'to Don *Manuel*'s Ship, and there 'finiſh ; telling him, that I there 'fell ſick, and died, requeſting you 'to go to him, if ever you ſaw

‘ *France* again. And here ſay all ‘ that's moving, as my dying Meſſage to him; and well obſerve his ‘ Looks and Words: and if you find ‘ his Paſſion is decay'd, ceaſe to importune him farther.’ And here ſhe wept. ‘ I would not break his ‘ peace, *ſaid ſhe*, or force him to ‘ the World again, to be look'd coldly on, and loved for Duty only; ‘ I'll ſooner enter a Convent, and ‘ die ſilent and unknown.’

‘ Madam, *ſaid he*, your Doubts ‘ are criminal; but you would, I ‘ ſuppoſe, render him more ſenſible ‘ of his good Fortune, by firſt giving him a Glimpſe of the moſt unhappy State, Fate could reduce him ‘ to: I'll, to oblige you, try his ‘ Conſtancy, and doubt not to bring ‘ him with me to you.’ He return'd to the Company, who ſoon took leave; and then the happy Marquiſs with his Lady, wiſhing *Ardeliſa* good Repoſe, retir'd to an Apartment, where the rich Furniture ſurpriz'd and convinc'd her, by what little ſhe had already ſeen, that *France* was the moſt noble Country in the World. Here they return'd Heaven Thanks; and now, freed from all anxious Thoughts, being arriv'd where nothing was wanting to make them happy, they committed themſelves to ſleep: but *Ardeliſa* could not reſt, ſhe talk'd with *Nannetta* all the Night.

* * *

CHAP. XX.

NEXT morning the Count *de Feuillade*, with whom the good Father went, as was agreed, called him, and haſted to the Convent; where they found the Lord *Longueville* much alter'd, to whom the Count ſpake, after this manner: 'My dear Friend, you will wonder 'doubtleſs at this early Viſit; but 'I bring a Perſon with me, who has 'News of Conſequence to impart 'to you; he has been in *Turkey*.' At theſe words the Lord *Longueville* fix'd his Eyes upon him; 'Father *Francis*, *ſaid he*, my God! 'what do I ſee? Is my dear *Ardeliſa* ſafe and alive? No News but 'that can comfort me.' 'That I 'am Father *Francis*, my Lord, *he reply'd*, is certain, and I wiſh I 'could give you News, ſuiting your 'Wiſhes, of your Lady; all that 'relates

'lates to her I ſhall acquaint you 'with.' Here they ſat down, and he rehears'd all her Adventures, and his own; in which the Lord *Longueville* did not once interrupt him with one Queſtion: But when he told the manner of her dying in her Voyage to *Venice*, he turn'd pale. The good Father haſted to a Concluſion and finiſh'd in theſe words: 'The laſt words, my Lord, 'ſhe ſpoke, were relating to you, 'which I omit, becauſe they were 'ſo tender, I cannot repeat them 'with dry Eyes, and therefore 'would doubtleſs wound your Soul: 'now you muſt reſolve to ſubmit 'to Providence, and be content.' 'Yes, *anſwer'd he*, I am; my God, 'I ſubmit.'

Here the Drops ran from his ſwol'n Eyes, and he could ſay no more. At length he purſu'd his Diſcourſe, ſaying, 'Father and 'Friend! I thank you both, and 'beg you'll witneſs how reſign'd I 'bear the greateſt Loſs that e'er

'Mortality ſuſtain'd: Be witneſs, 'Heaven! how dear I loved her, 'and ſince ſhe can be mine no more 'on Earth, this Day I'll quit the 'World: to-morrow's Sun ſhall ſee 'me in the humble Habit of a Friar, 'theſe Walks ſhall bound my Wiſhes, 'and I will know no pleaſure but 'the hopes of ſeeing her again. 'Farewel World, and ſenſual Joys, 'in Death I place my Hope.' Here he croſs'd his Arms, a Death-like Paleneſs overſpread his Face, and he fainted.

The Count and Father, much ſurpriz'd, called for help; at which the Prior, and ſome Friars came; and, fetching Wine and Spirits, brought him back to Life. Then they, repenting of the Trial they had made, look'd confuſedly upon one another. At length the Prieſt ſaid, 'Pardon me, Heaven! and you, 'my Lord! this Sin; you are im-'pos'd upon, fair *Ardeliſa* lives, at 'her Requeſt I made this Trial of 'your Conſtancy: come with me,

'I

'I will bring you to her.' At theſe words he lifted up his Eyes, 'Ah! 'do not flatter me, *he cry'd*, 'tis 'cruel. By all that's good, *reply'd 'the Count*, 'tis true, ſhe lives.'

Then they brought him to the Coach, and told him, as they went along, all that had paſt in her Abode at *Venice*, and Return to *France*; and being come to the Marquiſs's, who was juſt up, they were receiv'd with the greateſt Demonſtrations of Friendſhip He immediately ſent to know if *Ardeliſa* was ſtirring; *Nannetta* took the Meſſage, and ſaid 'Her Lady 'was not dreſs'd.' 'The Lord *Longueville* is below,' *ſaid the Servant*. E'er the words were ſpoke, he came to the Door, conducted by *Joſeph*, who had ſeen him enter the Hall, and, throwing himſelf at his Feet, told him, 'His Lady was 'there.' He enter'd the Chamber, and ſeeing *Ardeliſa* on the Bed-ſide, caught her in his Arms ſo ſuddenly, that ſhe ſcarce knew him: Exceſs of

Joy did for ſome time lock up their Tongues, ſo that they continu'd ſilent; but at length they both recover'd, and brake forth in words ſo tender and ſo paſſionate, that none but Lovers can conceive. The Servants all withdrew, and now God had rewarded their long Sufferings, by making them happy in one another. A univerſal Joy appear'd in all this Family, and the Count *de Beauclair* being ſent for, ſaw this happy Couple, and honourably reſtor'd his Uncle, the Lord *de Vinevil*'s Eſtate, to *Ardeliſa*. Thus theſe two Lords and Ladies lived in perpetual Felicity and Friendſhip; and Father *Francis*, with much Intreaty, conſented to be Chaplain to Lord *Longueville*: *Nannetta* and *Joſeph* marry'd, and were nobly provided for.

The next Spring the Marquiſs and his Lady had a Viſit from Don *Manuel* and Donna *Catherina*, whom they entertain'd as became their Quality and Affection. The ſame

Year *Violetta* bleſs'd her Lord with a Son, and *Ardeliſa* hers with a Daughter, who bear their Names.

Thus Divine Providence, whom they confided in, try'd their Faith and Vertue with many Afflictions, and various Misfortunes; and, in the end, rewarded them according to their Merit, making them moſt happy and fortunate.

FINIS.

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